"clip it, paste it"

SCRAP-BOOK

ONE POOR TRUCK

One poor truck with pistons
and rings,
Two rear wheels and one front
spring,
Has no fenders, seat or plank,
Burns lots of gas and hard to crank
Engine missing, hits on two,
This is the truth I'm telling you.
Three years old, four in the spring,
What am I offered for the danged
old thing?

Tailgate Annie, The Trucker Who Never Has Driven A Truck

A Letter To Jim

Dear Jim:

Since you left the road you likely never heard of our Tail Gate Annie who presides at The Tail Gate in Chicago. When she's behind the counter she is really a truck Mother—her family is nation wide. Johnny Gardner calls her the "Crisco Kid," fat in the can.

When the gang comes in and starts to log up and down the counter and the old Victrola plays, "An Ace in the Hole," there's a lot of guys who have to admit Annie's been just that many times.

Oh yes, I mustn't forget little Dottie; she says thanks for the permanent, but then you wouldn't know who she is thanking.

Well, so long, Jim,

—Your Pal.

The TAILGATE LUNCH

2122 So. May St., Chicago, Illinois

2122 S. May St., Chicago—

On the early morning of Sept. 4, 1938, the highway and trucks took the lives of two more of our men who had driven for years and were considered the best.

The accident occurred on US-30, a quarter of a mile west of Zulu, Ind. As the news reached the terminals a sad feeling came over the drivers and dock hands for these two Trans American drivers were among the oldest in the game. But it seems God has called them, no mater how hard it seems for us to have their names taken off the manifest.

It must be done for God has to have names on the Big Book up there when the roll is called, so we have to be scratched down on earth so He can have angels in heaven.

I am sure Brown and Stoner will help God build highways with eight lanes and well lighted at night, so their trucks won't touch when passing and they can live longer with the ones they love.

These two men were respected in the trucking business as only men who have driven the roads at night know about. It grows on them and no matter how hard their mothers, wives and sweethearts beg them to give it up, they can't, for its is a world all their own. Those who have brothers, husbands fathers or lovers on the highways must stand by and hope to see them safe after each trip and kiss them each time they leave, for this may be their last trip.

As Brown and Stoner pulled out of the Dayton terminal, (yes, they left on time) little did the dispatcher think it would be their last ride.

From the highway we know, you have gone, boys, and we will miss your bright eyes and broad smiles. Now you are far from the scene of the highway and we are sure you are thinking of the drivers you have left and the ones who loved you so truly.

As the boys gathered around their caskets, one was heard to remark, "This highway is cruel to the truckers for there lies two more of us, dead." Yes, the boys bowed their heads in sorrow but Brown's wife sat weeping alone for she knew God had called him to a new drivers' home.

God bless you all who mourn their passing, and be careful ,all of you.

Mrs. Joyce Phelps, [illegible]
Mrs. Peggy Smith, Potosi

Annie Whelen Jensen

Mrs. Donald Jensen, nee Annie Laurie Whelen, daughter of the late Thos. J. and Maude Rucker Whelen, was born Aug. 21, 1910, in Farmington, Missouri and died on Thursday, October 14, 1954 in San Francisco, Calif., at the age of 44 years 1 month 13 days.

Funeral services were conducted Tuesday of this week in San Francisco, with burial in Mount Olive cemetery.

Surviving are her husband, a daughter, Jacqueline (Mrs. Earl) Silveria, two grand children, two brothers, Fred E. Whelen and Jack E. Whelen of San Francisco; two sisters, Dorothy (Mrs. Arthur) Kabakumis, San Francisco, Calif.; and Lucille (Mrs. R. J.) Reeder, of St. Louis, 31 nieces and nephews, other relatives and many friends. A sister, Alva Rucker (Mrs. Arthur) Carnill, and a brother, Thomas M. Whelen, preceded her in death.

NAOMI SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS MET OCTOBER 14

Members of the Naomi Sunday School class of the First Free Will Baptist Church of Flat River enjoyed a luncheon and meeting at the home of Mrs. Chas. Pritchett in Elvins, Thursday, October 14. The afternoon session opened with a devotional service, conducted by Dean Bess, class president, followed by a song, Scripture reading and prayer.

Twenty-seven sick calls were reported and cards sent during the month. Scripture verses were given in response to roll call. Mamie Hibbits gave a reading "For His Worth." The next meeting will be with Lena Hughes, November 11.

Those present in addition to the ones mentioned, included Hazel Scott, Sarah Willard, Bertha Hovis, Ann Wilson and Elva Wright.

From the Lead Belt News — Flat River, Missouri
LEAD BELT Oct 22-1954

and a son of A. T. Wilkinson, Associational Missionary of the association around Maryville, Mo. Mrs. Wilkinson was graduated from Bolivar and also did some work at Ouachita. Her father is Rev. P. R. Lucas, pastor of the mission of the Overland Baptist Church.

Rev. Wilkinson has been pastor at Cecilia, Ky., the past three years, and was for more than two years at Pleasureville, Ky., before going to Cecilia. While studying at Ouachita he was pastor of the Arabella Heights Baptist Church in Texarkana, Ark., and while at Bolivar served as pastor of the church at Stover, Mo.

Dr. Parker Wins Suit In Maplewood School Dispute

The St. Louis Court of Appeals on Tuesday ruled that the $10,000-a-year contract which Dr. Carl L. Parker signed with the Maplewood-Richmond Heights school district in 1952 is valid.

Dr. Parker signed the three-year contract in March, 1952, to replace E. R. Adams, who is and has been superintendent for many years. However, the anti-Adams majority in the School Board which hired Parker was reversed a few weeks later in an election.

The board rehired Adams and notified Parker that his contract with the previous board was not valid.

Parker sued and Circuit Judge Fred E. Mueller of Clayton ruled the contract valid. The School Board appealed to the Missouri Supreme Court, which sent it back to the Court of Appeals which it said had venue in the case.

The Court of Appeals ruled that the board which hired Parker was within its rights and that Parker, who resigned a job with the Flat River, Mo., School Board to accept the post, was qualified for the job.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ers of the Potosi Ranger District, U. S. Forest Service on June 4, 1954.

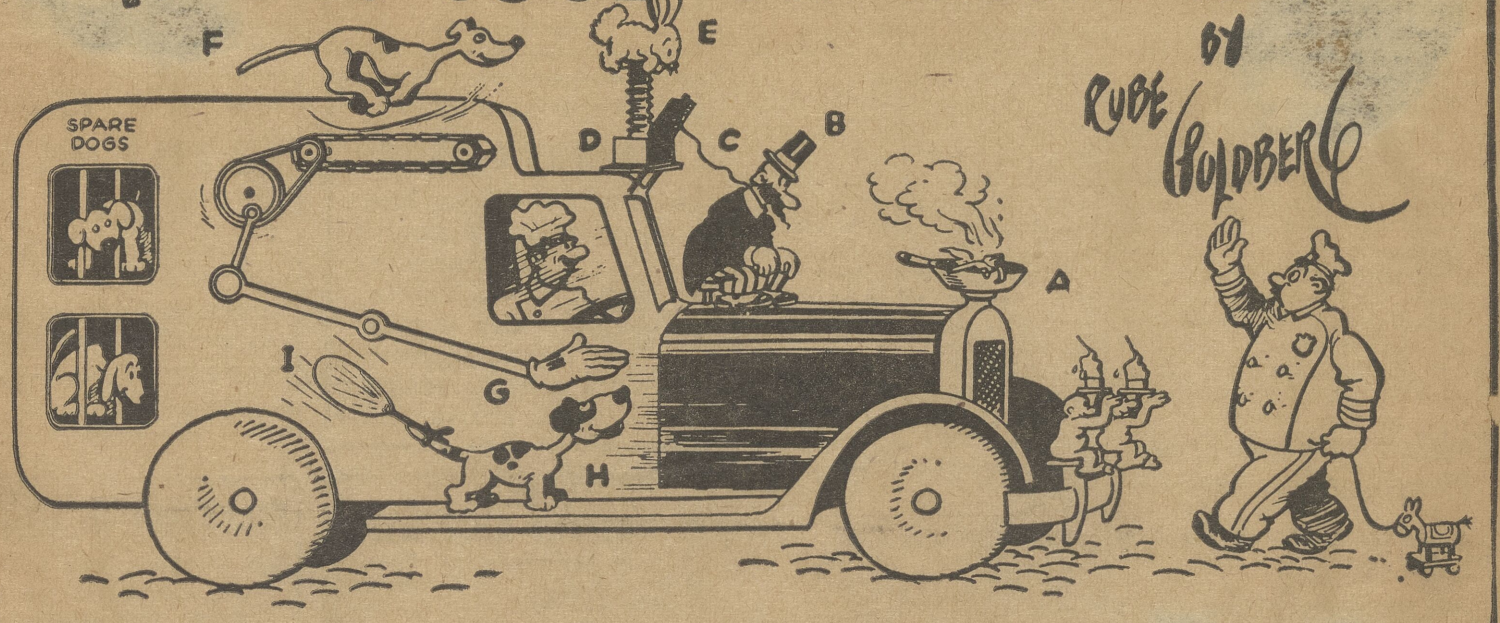
you all

Your[illegible] and influence will be greatly [illegible]ecated.

Claskey, Farmington.

October 19 — Weldon Laverne Rawlins and Ruby Marie Dixon, Flat River.

HOW TO COOL YOUR TRUCK TIRES



BY RUBE GOLDBERG

FROGS' LEGS COOK ON RADIATOR CAP (A) ~ FRENCHMAN (B) GETS UP TO EAT FROGS' LEGS — STRING (C) OPENS JACK-IN-BOX (D) ~ FAKE RABBIT (E) POPS OUT — WHIPPET ON TREADMILL (F) CHASES RABBIT, CAUSING HAND (G) TO PAT AFFECTIONATE DOG (H) — DOG WAGS TAIL AND FAN (I) COOLS TIRES !

At Coney Island

The happy pair of Coney Island visitors are P. Asbury "Blackie" and Eddie Wright (Spector Drivers). Photo from Wabash Restaurant, 18th and Wabash, Ave., Chicago.

THOUGHTS WHILE DRIVING

How a real estate man asks for air for his tires: "I have four vacant flats I would like to have filled."

No matter what other troubles they have with autos in Athens, they're always well "Greeced."

And some men know so little about their cars, their idea of a grease cup is a bowl of soup.

Some men live from hand to mouth—and others from gas station to gas station. If an air-minded youth should go in for aviation, a "towheaded" one should go in for garage work.

Some bred to loaf are crusty heels.

THE WEST SIDE GANG

This cheerful crowd of car haulers line up for the photographer at the West Side Cafe at Wolcott, Indiana.

Timely Topics From A Station

U. S. 20 — 11 Miles West of Fremont, Ohio.

Roy Shrecengost, proprietor of the Highland Garage in Penn Run, Pa., was a recent visitor en-route home from Detroit, Mich.

Joe Doringo, Chapman's, Hartville, Ohio, may ride a Greyvan, but he still is a long way from being a Greyhound.

Collins of Fruehauf blew a tire in Elmore and then he blew up.

Ken Myers is going to Michigan this year on his vacation.

Dunlap sprung this one: Question: "What does the little calf say to the silo?" Answer: "Is my fodder in there?"

Allen Schware, Valley Brands, Allentown, Pa., has two boys working for him whose witticism is above reproach, but we can't say much for their figures.

We know two drivers who went to a night club in Buffalo, New York, for an evening of fun, where they met two attractive girls with whom they had a lengthy conversation. Then came the floor show in which the gals participated in some lively dance routines and when the show was over these two same dames gently removed their wigs and revealed

Tailgate Annie, The Trucker Who Never Has Driven A Truck

The Tailgate, 1146 West 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

The Tailgate has been on the move, but now Tailgate is sure her Tailgate is anchored at 1146 West 22nd St., Chicago, Ill. The Tailgate swings both ways, both night and day.

The Transamerican dock hands are planning a ball game with Red O'Connell as promoter. Red was employed as a dock walloper last summer, but we haven't found out what he is now doing, for as he puts it "a smart man keeps his business to himself."

Harry Glant from the dock was married July 6th. The bride looked sweet and a good time was had by all.

The blessed event happened for Scotty Benny and wife, city driver—a baby girl.

Ryan, of Milwaukee, Wis., has grown up and finally found out if he wanted advancement he had to come to Chicago to get it. Go to it, Ryan, many a man started at the bottom. But when you dream of a semi that has front doors as well as back ones then you will have something.

The little Tailgate has gone to the old country, Flat River, Mo.

Eddie Hays says he will marry the girl from Van Wert, Ohio, if she will get a good job. Eddie has grown tired of trucking.

Violet, of Transamerican, and wife are expecting a blessed event.

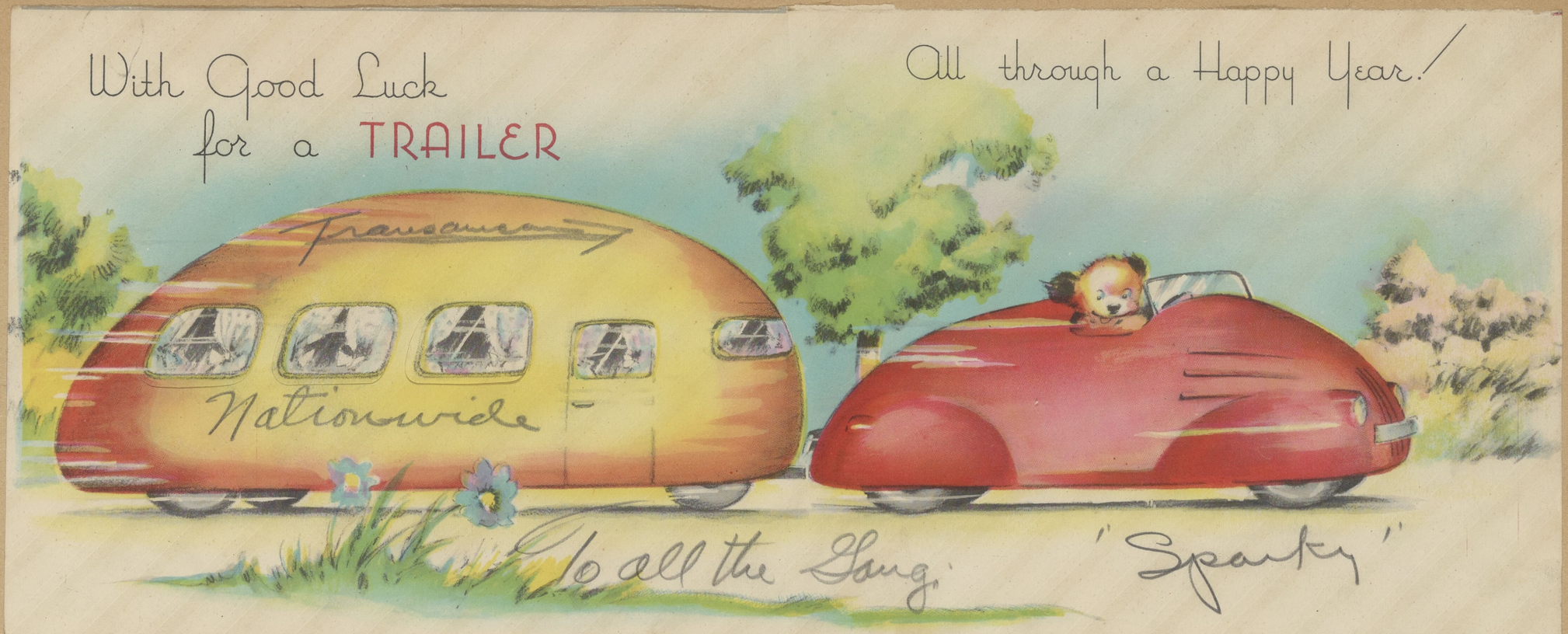
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Detroit run, are fixing up their nursery hoping to have it finished by September.

"Head Wind" Brand, on the Indianapolis, has been a good boy for some time. How long will it last?

Minnie is taking up waitress work as a career at the Tailgate.

Eddie Hayes, on the Angola run, and "Pretty Boy" Barron are feuding over whose waitress works for whom.

George Nelson of Inter-State was in to visit Minnie, and Lillian and Lafayette were along for the ride.



In Memory of Slim

To one who has run life's short race,
And has gone beyond to find a parking place,
Orlando Evans, known as Slim,
In memory this verse we dedicate to him.
Known and liked up and down the highway,
He'll be missed by friends for many a day.
For years he traveled the nation's roads,
For Associated Freight he piloted loads,
And his happy word and smiling face,
Is missed in many a truckers' place.
His loved ones have our deepest sympathy,
He's missed at Junction Six and Thirty-three.

—From Ted's Place,
Ligonier, Ind.

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

THE WIFE SPEAKS

Editor, The Transport Driver:

When my husband was doing long-distance hauling, we were regular readers of The Transport Driver. But since he has been doing local pick-up and delivery work for Kramer Brothers Freight Lines, the paper has not been available to us wives, and we've fallen behind in the news. However, this winter my brother brought in copies of The Transport Driver, which encouraged me to write a poem. Due to new rulings, and sometimes new families, we wives cannot travel with our husbands as we once did—so we joke among ourselves about being "truckers' widows." And so, this set of verses*, with no offense meant to anybody.

D. M. Cable,
R. No. 3, Box 343,
Bellevue, Pa.

*Verses on Page 5.

A Letter To Jim

Dear Jim:

Since you left the road you likely never heard of our Tail Gate Annie who presides at The Tail Gate in Chicago. When she's behind the counter she is really a truck Mother—her family is nation wide. Johnny Gardner calls her the "Crisco Kid," fat in the can.

When the gang comes in and starts to log up and down the counter and the old Victrola plays, "An Ace in the Hole," there's a lot of guys who have to admit Annie's been just that many times.

Oh yes, I mustn't forget little Dottie; she says thanks for the permanent, but then you wouldn't know who she is thanking.

Well, so long, Jim,

—Your Pal.

MORE FROM MOORE'S PLACE IN MISSOURI

Highway 40 at Independence.

We can't find out but we think Mike Brenon and his Texas Rangers are detouring via Cordor, Mo., now that Hazel has gone home. They were inquiring about the roads before she left.

"The Pest" was here again this week, Sheridan (K. A. T.).

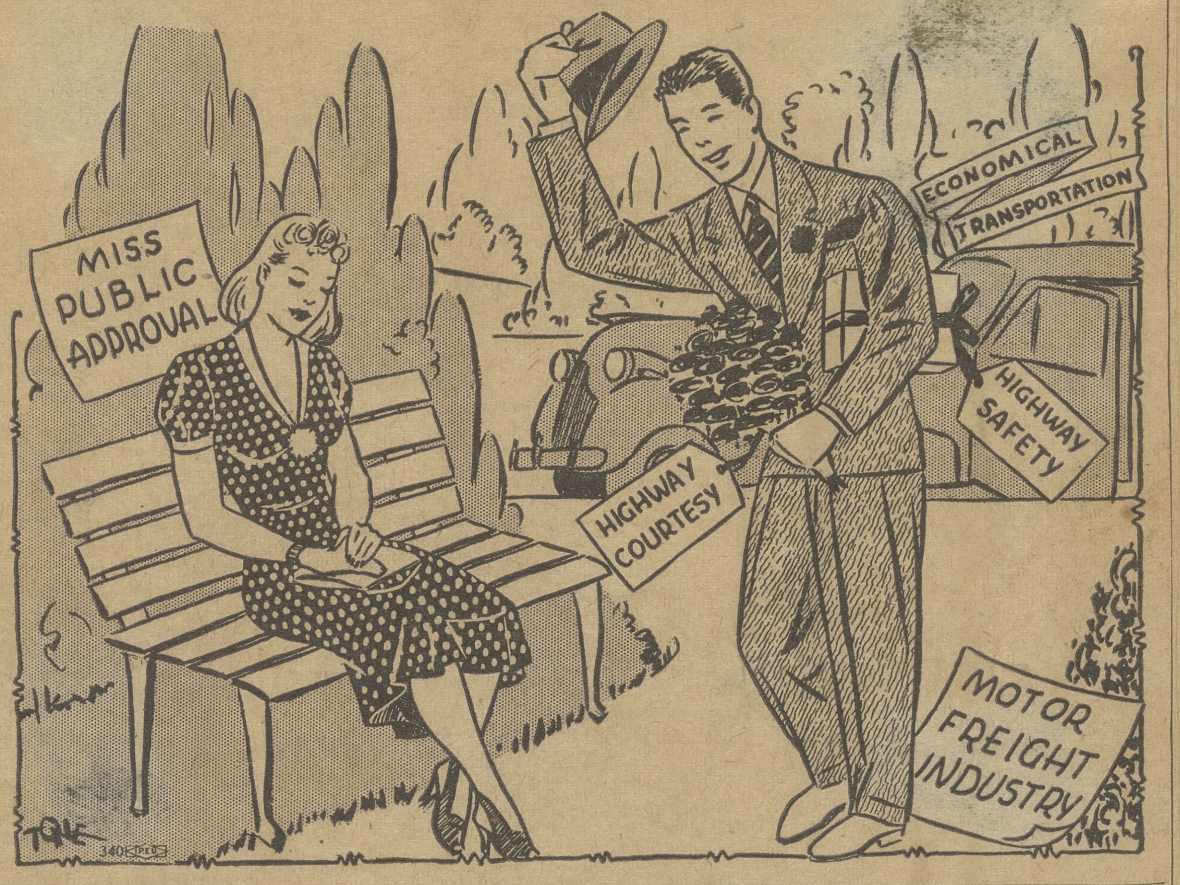
We overheard A. H. Bloom muttering these lines recently as he was struggling with his zipper:

I guess I'm dumb,
I surely must be,
For how zippers work
I never can see.

And that isn't all
I'm puzzled about;
Why zippers stick
I can't find out.

THE BOY HAS EVERYTHING

August, 1939



ALLIED TRIO

Mack Hollis, Harry Moore, and George Taylor posing at Marge and Bernie's in Missouri.

DANCE
At Nameth's Hall

368 Fayette Street, (Cor. Stockton) Perth Amboy, N. J.

Special Attraction

Female Comedy Wrestling Floor Show

Missouri Ann
145 LBS.

vs.

Baby Face Stella
160 LBS.

Dance by

Warning

Well, now that we've agreed to part,
Just get this plainly from the start—

I'll not be "friends," I'll not pursue you,
I'll never "be a sister" to you!

I'll never write, I'll never 'phone,
I'll never see you on your own!

I'll soon forget to feel your lack—
(But, by *that* time, dear—you'll be back!)

Norah Smaridge.

Do you know anyone who can fix an inside flat without saying even one bad word? That's Slim's record.

The whole procedure was watched by me
And NARY a SWEAR was uttered by he
I helped all I could, I huffed and I puffed,
Slim was grateful for that still didn't get ruffed.
When all of a sudden on went the last lug
And he left with that usual grin on his mug.

J. E.

William (Byers): "Have you noticed how reluctant the young men of today are to marry and settle down?"

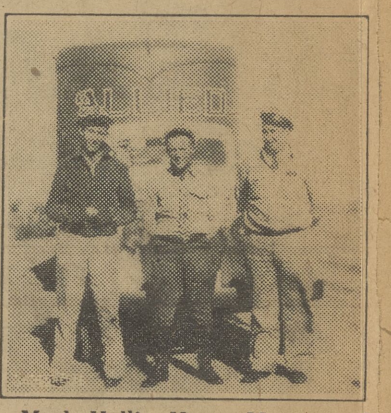
Hooper (Byers): "Yes, I believe you're right."

Williams: "They seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married I didn't know the meaning of fear."

Poems That Live

HOW soon, alas, the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage,
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theater expands; beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! What a chorus!

ALLIED TRIO



Mack Hollis, Harry Moore, and George Taylor posing at Marge and Bernie's in Missouri.

Lloyd Beam says there are two kinds of men: Those who remain bachelors, and those who don't care what happens to them. (Roadway.)

Cecil Shat: "Russel, sitting over there, says his soup isn't fit for a pig."

Waiter: "I'll take it away and bring him some that is."

Rus Mitchell: "I say, Eddie, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your fingerbowl?"

Eddie (Barbour): "Do you think I am going to get egg all over my pocket?"

A. Whitworth: "Tom, stop reaching across the table. Haven't you a tongue?"

F. Kraft: "Yes, Art, but my arm is longer."

V. Simmons: "Kelly, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

Daniels: "Yessir, it keeps the cow together."

Wallace R. (Barbour): "The garage man sent that secondhand truck you ordered and I tried it out.

Mitchell: "How many does it carry, comfortably?"

Wallace: "None."

H. Hartline: "I saw some rats running around. Why don't you get some rat biscuits for them?"

Gifford: "Get some rat biscuits for them? If they don't like what we eat they can starve!"

N. Thomas: "George, why do ducks and geese fly north in the springtime?"

G. Smallwood: "Because it's too far to walk."

That Galloping Owl

Jack Best was in to call on us
And we had lots of fun;
He ought to be pretty tired
When his day's work is done.

He's rightly named the "Galloping Owl
For he hops about and brings business in,
And he seems to be pretty gosh darn wise
About the things we're interested in.

He's a regular guy and we're glad he came.
Our whole crowd thinks he's oke,
But we want to know if the candy he'll buy
Next time he comes, if Jim's broke.
(Watta ya' say, Jack?)

Nursery Rhymes

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty took a great fall;
Johnnie Powers plays the part
And it very nearly broke his heart;
He pushed the boat and tried to dash
But fell in the water with a splash.

Micky Leister joined the Union
To drive just automobiles;
But now he's driving bulls besides,
The kind that go on wheels.
(Rather a backward Bull, eh Micky?)

What is wrong that the Flash of the Fleet didn't get his wings yet? How did you get yours, Micky?

We were sorry to hear about Johnny Russell and certainly hope he gets better soon. We'll be up to see you, Johnnie.

Mr. Hess (M&M) has a new helper.

An old time reunion was held by Pat Dowlan and Bill Barbett, but we didn't find out why Pat calls Bill "Tarzan."

Someone asked us how much the postage is from Baltimore to Route No. 11, Bingo. We told them to ask Amos Ruppert (Gilman).

Mr. Smith tried to favor us
But he got stuck in the mud;
Until we get our gravel on
Our new road is just a dud.

R. Pratt has shown himself again
And he looks much better to us;
But he's not well, we know it's true
'Cause he eats without a fuss.

Fatso got some pictures;
Dick's got a new uniform;
What you're preparing for
At guessing, we're pretty warm.

Jakie gave Clara his Ferdinand,
She certainly has a pull;
But she's afraid the things he says
Are just a lot of bull.

We are certainly glad to see Otis Gates looking better and to have him and his crew back our way again.

Louie Chevetti was a sick lad but boy! oh boy! did we fix him up? Peggy says next time let her know—she'd like to be his nurse.

But, Dickie Green might have something to say about that, I bet, I bet.

There was a guy by the name of Frank
Who asked for the loan of our car.
He had a date with a brand new filly
And said he wasn't going far.
We just tried to straighten him out
With a gal in Buffalo,
And he got sore as a boiled owl
'Cause when he asked we just said, "No."

"Ain't It the Truth?"

The higher they fly, the harder they hit the ground.

It isn't so bad being a big fish if it is in a little sea.

A man likes to brag about his home—when he is away from it.

The man who loves himself alone has no rival.

Lodges promote a fraternal spirit, and often furnish a dandy alibi.

Making the best of what you have is the first rule for getting ahead.

The stork is always busiest among poor people.

Life must be a bore to those who try to be their age.

A politician cares nothing for publicity until he discovers he isn't getting any.

If looks could kill some people would commit suicide every time they look in the mirror.

When it comes to keeping house, a woman had rather do that alone, but when it comes to keeping a secret she wants help.

Wood Road

I love the wood road, warm and sweet;
No blustering wind can reach me here;
And maple boughs my way to cheer
Drift Orientals for my feet.
I come to doors of oak-leaf gold,
To bronze of elm and emerald pine,
Riches untold, and all are mine
Between the river and the wold.

A narrow road and strangely curved,
Past rotted stumps of giant trees,
Past boulders (moss encrusted these),
And by some power or fancy swerved
To miss a little, gravelike mound
Covered with pall of mottled green
Of sorrel and of wintergreen;
Perchance a bit of holy ground.

I hear the branches softly croon,
I hear the whispering of leaves
As yellow as the Autumn's sheaves
Or crimson as the rose of June;
And there are chestnuts, not a few,
With ripened nuts on either side,
And yet I have no wish to bide;
The wood road leads to home and you!

Lalia Mitchell Thornton.

TAILGATE ANNIE

The owner of The Tailgate, popular drivers' lunch room at 2122 May St. in Chicago.

TAIL GATE ANNIE TURNS REPORTER OF SPORT EVENTS

Covers Transamerican Dock Hands Base Ball Game —And How

Inbound Freight vs. Outbound Freight

The lineup of the "Inbound Freight" looked great. As our captain was Red O'Connelly, I will try and give you a glimpse of him and will give below an account of them in action.

Captain Red O'Connelly stood on the pitcher's mound with the build of a gorilla. His fiery hair was standing on end and as he put a ball over the slab, his mouth stood open like the door of a trailer open for a load of freight. His pants legs were rolled up and he wore white socks (they were once white) dust foging made it hard to see what was going on at times. His stooges were for Red, their heart was set to win a game for their old pal.

Herb Hemmingsmith, catcher, is a little fellow, but what a catcher —Caught a ball alongside his head, and said if his eye turned black compensation would take care of that.

Gus Irons on first base wasn't bad; just found it hard to take orders. Red set Gus straight and made it clear they were not on the dock, "now you take orders or get out." Gus took it.

Bill Donahue on second base, put them out and kept down the score. He played like a veteran; good work, Bill!

Ed Marshkie, third base, had on a green shirt and with that name you boys know he is not Irish.

Art Marshkie, brother of Ed, was left fielder, and stood in good. He did his bit for Red.

Don Plagge, center fielder, was going good all day, and part of the night.

Hammer Willimans, right fielder, played a good game considering the sleep he had.

Charley Greggor, short stop, had somee difficulty; he was always falling over the other players.

The lineup of the "Outbound Freight," better known as the "Dog Shift Gang" is as follows:

Jimmy Mulqueeny was their reason for the fight. He had the Beer on ice and had promised a good time for all. When the game was scheduled to start he had to hold it up, for the pitcher had not shown up. He finely started with the following lineup:

Frank Gucca was on the pitcher's mound with a post and a firm hand.

Catcher W. Anderson had lots of what it took to stop the fast balls Frank put over the home plate.

Pop Balley, first base, Hannifin third base.

I forgot to mention, due to part of Jimmie's gang not showing, two boys, better known as "the twins, had to play but refused to be parted.

Joe Ehalzer on second base was sure on the job for Jim. Matty was right fielder, and Jim Mulqueeny was in center field. He caught the flies for the boys; I mean the ball not the horse flies, you dopes!

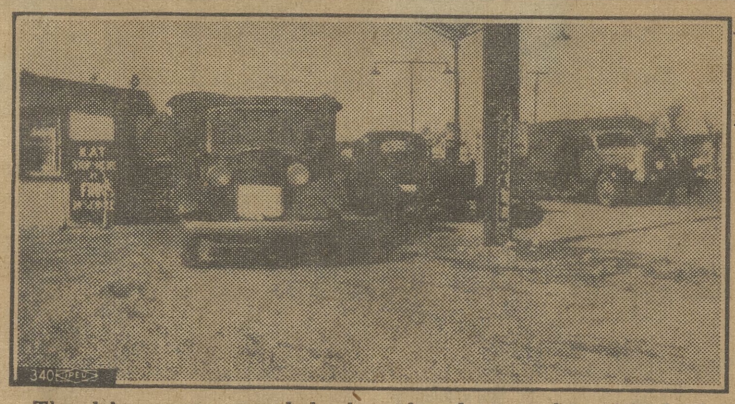
John Unuk, left field, had to run them down and did his best.

The game went well and the score was 12 to 11 in favor of the "Outbound." It took two umpires, Guy Routzon and a boy I did not learn his name, but we found out later he had a good beer barrel base voice.

Otto did his part of rooting and had a better time than anyone. The boys had a lot of fans—Mrs. C. Anderson, Mrs. Guy Routzon and daughters, Mrs. Balley and two sons, Mrs. Herb Hemmingsmith, Porky McNerry, road driver, King, better known as "Detroit Flash," Snow Shoes Barnes of Angola, Bon Bon Foster, of Detroit. Charley G. Allen of the Chicago garage joined the party at the corner of May and 21st streets. Steane served beer and sandwiches. Red did a dance for the boys and a good time was had by all!

P.S.: Frank Tucker has a new truck to give the boys road service, but he has weakened, for he has let some of the boys drive it. Oh well, even a truck gets old too.

A BUSY DAY AT FINK'S



The drives were crowded when the photographer visited Fink's Service Station at Junction of 15 and U. S. 12, 4 miles north Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES?

"He says he's going to give me a string of pearls tomorrow— and the clasp tonight."

August, 1939

SO LONG, PAL!

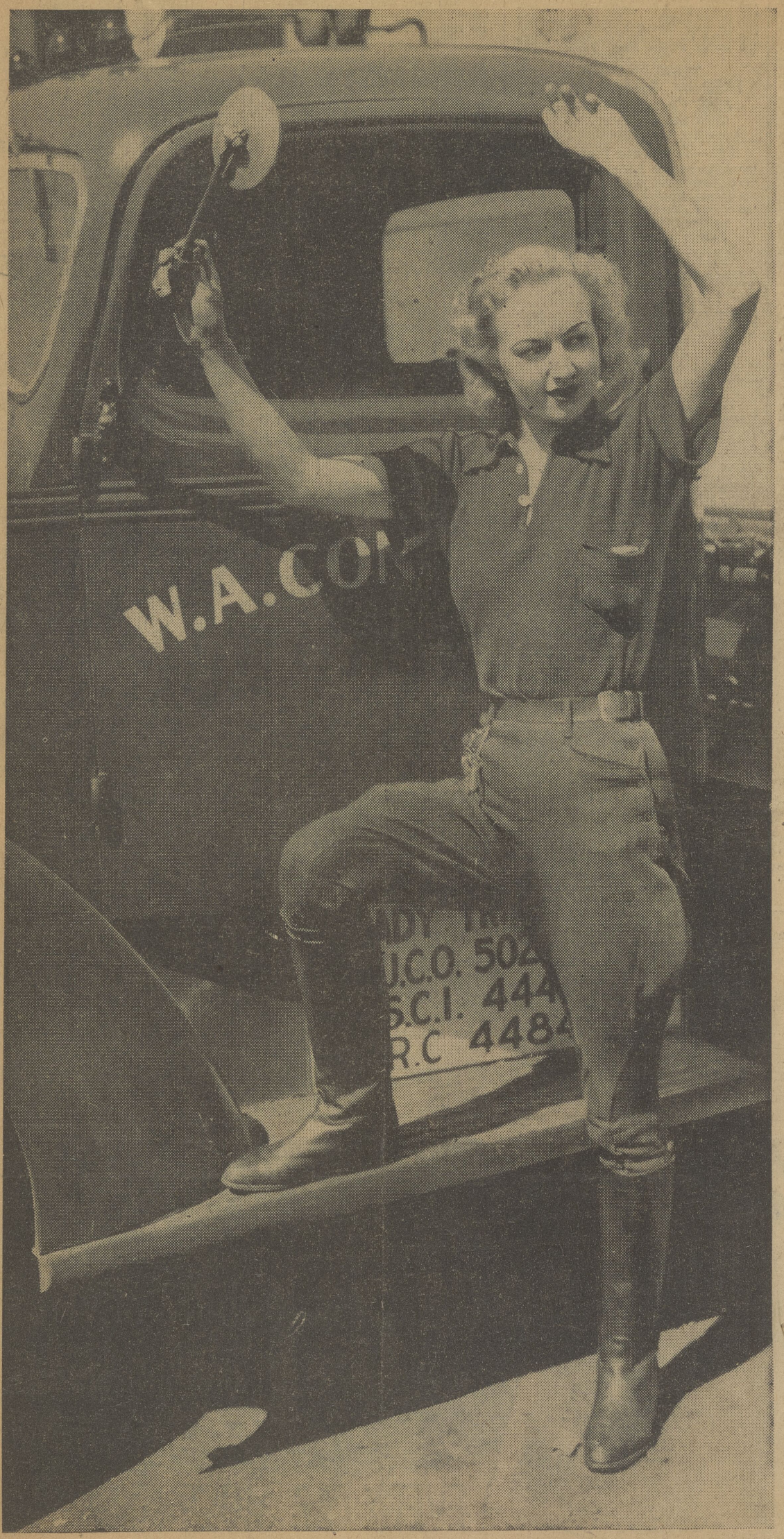
W. O. Sloan, driver for the S. H. Beacon Materials Company, Huntington, Calif., bids affectionate farewell to the Ford V-8 truck which delivered 411,000 miles of uninterrupted service to his employer. Picture shows the truck just before it was placed on display in the Ford Exhibit building at the Golden Gate Exposition. Sloan drove the unit to the exposition grounds on Treasure Island. Its weatherbeaten finish standing out in sharp contrast to the gleaming chrome and smart exteriors which surround it, the veteran truck constitutes an interesting display.

HOW TO LIVE ON $15 A WEEK

WHISKEY AND BEER	$ 8.80
WIFE'S BEER	1.65
MEAT, FISH AND GROCERIES,	ON CREDIT
RENT	PAY NEXT WEEK
MID-WEEK WHISKEY	1.50
COAL	BORROW NEIGHBORS
LIFE INSURANCE (WIFE'S)	.50
CIGARS	.20
MOVIES	.60
PINOCHLE CLUB	.50
HOT TIP ON HORSES	.50
DOG FOOD	.60
SNUFF	.40
POKER GAME	1.40
	$16.65

THIS MEANS GOING IN DEBT
SO CUT OUT THE WIFE'S BEER

First of Her Kind



'Truckin' (on a Truck) Is Her Specialty

Meet Eddie Mae, 20, pretty blonde who is Chicago's only woman engaged in the transport trucking business. Here she is with her truck just after a run from Hoboken. She admits she's "really my husband's helper," but declares it's a lot of fun rolling over the highways. *(Story on Page 29.)*

Tailgate Annie, The Trucker Who Never Has Driven A Truck

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Harry Glant from the dock was married July 6th. The bride looked sweet and a good time was had by all.

The blessed event happened for Scotty Benny and wife, city driver—a baby girl.

Ryan, of Milwaukee, Wis., has grown up and finally found out if he wanted advancement he had to come to Chicago to get it. Go to it, Ryan, many a man started at the bottom. But when you dream of a semi that has front doors as well as back ones then you will have something.

The little Tailgate has gone to the old country, Flat River, Mo.

Eddie Hays says he will marry the girl from Van Wert, Ohio, if she will get a good job. Eddie has grown tired of trucking.

Violet, of Transamerican, and wife are expecting a blessed event.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Detroit run, are fixing up their nursery hoping to have it finished by September.

"Head Wind" Brand, on the Indianapolis, has been a good boy for some time. How long will it last?

Minnie is taking up waitress work as a career at the Tailgate.

Eddie Hayes, on the Angola run, and "Pretty Boy" Barron are feuding over whose waitress works for whom.

George Nelson of Inter-State was in to visit Minnie, and Lillian and Lafayette were along for the [illegible]

Saturday night the front door came open with a bang, and behold! who should enter but Manhattan Red" himself. He is now driving for Keeshin. Very glad to see you, Red.

If any of you boys are looking for a girl to take to dinner take Mimi at Bob's Bar-B-Q. The only nourishment she requires is a cracker and short beer.

CAREFUL

"I'm a guy who's very careful to burn my girlfriend's letters."

"Immediately after you read them?"

"No; immediately after I write them!"

NO CHANCES

Cautious Chap (in tavern)—Tell me, beautiful, what do you consider a perfectly safe drink?

Beautiful — Any up to my fourth, boyfriend.

April, 1939

Lament of a Truck Driver's Wife

By D. M. Cable

Alas! The life of a trucker's wife
Was what I chose to lead.
This late, but well-meant warning
Is for other girls to heed.

Since truckers stick together,
And nary a word will tell—
There was no one to warn me
Of the things I now know well.

Truckers never learn to dance.
Manners they never learn.
When the honeymoon is o'er,
For good times, you will yearn!

Fun at the Sunken Gardens!
Your friends are there in flocks.
But you — you're just a stay-at-home,
Mending and darning socks.

He leaves his shoes in the hallway;
In shirt sleeves he comes to dinner.
While you coax, encourage, and teach him,
You get grayer and thinner.

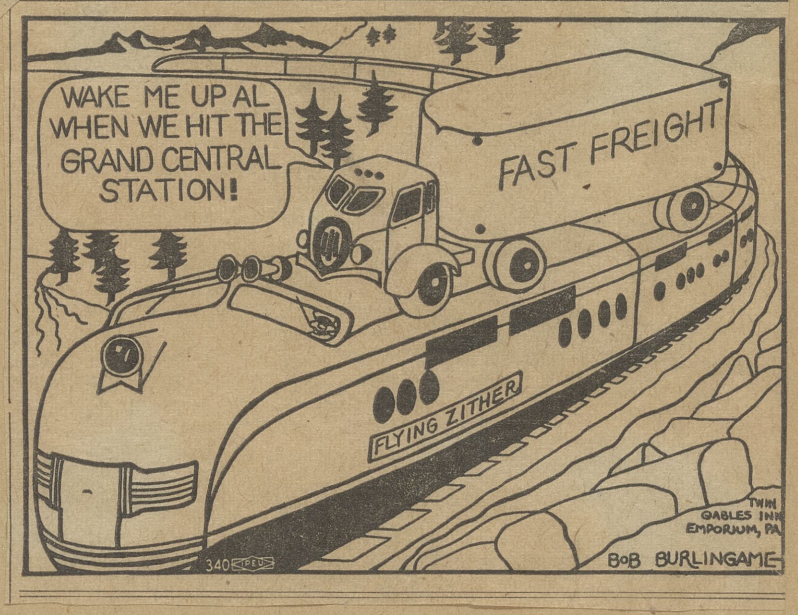
To a strange city, he takes you,
And leaves you for days at a time,
While you sit at home and worry and fret;
With him, "Out of sight, out of mind."

Homesick, you leave for a visit home.
'Tis then that the final straw comes.
You're out with a pal, talking over old times,
When you bump into one of your chums.

"Let's walk," she says, "beyond the park;
I believe I have a surprise!"
That fateful day, when you ended your walk,
You couldn't believe your eyes.

That handsome blond you could have wed—
You swoon at the sight of him!
He's still a bachelor—loves you yet—
And you sigh: "It might have been."

OHMYGOSH! A STOWAWAY



Ensign's son: "Mother, what am I worth to you?"

Mother: "A million dollars, darling."

Pride and Joy: "Will you lend me a nickel on account?"

RIGHT WHERE SHE BELONGS

"The director's got his wife just where he wants her."

"Madly in love with him?"

"No, visiting her relatives."

Pipes from the P. P. at Painted Post, N. Y.

We've had an increase in our family,
A boy by the name of Tom;
He's small and fluffy and very cute,
We're wondering who to blame it on.
We've needed him for quite some time,
There's a real good reason for that;
We got him just to catch our mice
He's just a little tom cat.

TRUCKIN' WITH THE WIFE

BY SALLY

Mayday Dreams—

May brings vacation dreams to you—you—even to me. There's the World's Fair and New York's bustle . . . Golden Gate Exposition and San Francisco's lure . . . fishin' and camping worries . . . swimmin' and resort pickings. Where to go, what to see, (or what's even more important), spare time and the size of the ole family pocketbook. Oh yes, and the whims of the man in the house.

If he's in a good mood tonight, I'll ask where we're going this summer. On the other hand, maybe I'd do better by suggesting a trip, just to start him thinking. But I swear if he wants to go visiting that farm again this year, I'll put my foot down. I will, and nothing can change my mind. Not like last time, and the time before that. Of course there's sure to be an argument, so I guess I'll keep quiet about the whole thing. Sooner or later the subject will spring up anyway.

"What's that Junior dear? No, you're too young to go to camp. Maybe next summer. No, Junior, we are not going to the country again. Why don't you stop asking questions and go out to play?"

And Suspicions

If I say so myself, I'm the least suspicious woman in the world. But when friend husband favors a certain restaurant each time he takes the truck a certain distance . . . and when that certain restaurant happens to have a very, very blond, (bleached to you), waitress . . . I sorta wonder. They say the sap begins to run in the Spring. Could they mean my bitter (?) half? If so, he'd better run straight home, especially if he knows what's good for him.

Not that I'm the kind to suspect anything or anyone—oh no! All my friends will tell you that I believe each word the hubby says, but confidentially that's what they think. Maybe I listen well, but all the same there's a whale of a lot of questions in my mind. Any day now, if he doesn't watch out, those questions will have to be answered. Every last one of 'em.

As I say, I'm the trusting kind. Maybe the food is better at that restaurant. I'm not saying it isn't. Perhaps it's worth going out of your way to get some good grub. Just the same, I'm serving warning here and now. If I find so much as one more very, very blond (bleached) hair on his suit lapel, there's going to be some fire works set off by Sally. Just thought I'd mention the matter for what it was worth — and brother — aren't you glad I did?

The Truck Driver's Wife

BY SALLY

I couldn't help thinking what a grand transport driver he'd be some day. Yes sirree! There he was, puffing for all he was worth to speed up his tricycle. Speed was his motto, even though five was his age. But that wasn't what made me stop and smile as he scooted up the street lickity split. No sirree! He was a resourceful little red head, prepared for any emergency and sure of reaching his destination, no matter what went wrong with his one mode of transportation. For lo and behold . . . there upon the pedals rested two tiny feet protected not only by sturdy shoes, but by ball bearing roller skates as well. All of which goes to show you can't beat the Irish.

Isn't It Odd . . .

How you can't help worrying about friend husband when he's gone on a long haul. It doesn't matter whether it's the first or the fiftieth time. Somehow that "I hope it isn't raining and slippery" feeling creeps over you, and whether you're changing the baby's didies or sending Junior off to school (on time, maybe), the fact that there's no man in the house does the trick.

How the telephone keeps ringing the day you promise yourself to get all your work done on schedule and so as you can buy yourself a new bonnet.

How, when you finally get to trying on hats, the most impractical "nothin'-to-'em" styles sorta get you? 'Specially when there's a whale of a lot of fancy veiling (Maybe yella), sprinkled with chenille dots in all colors on it? Or perhaps bunches of violets that almost look too real to touch. And when you finally do walk into the house and spring it on the man in your life, all he'll give out with a "hymn," or a "humph," or "Call that a HAT!"

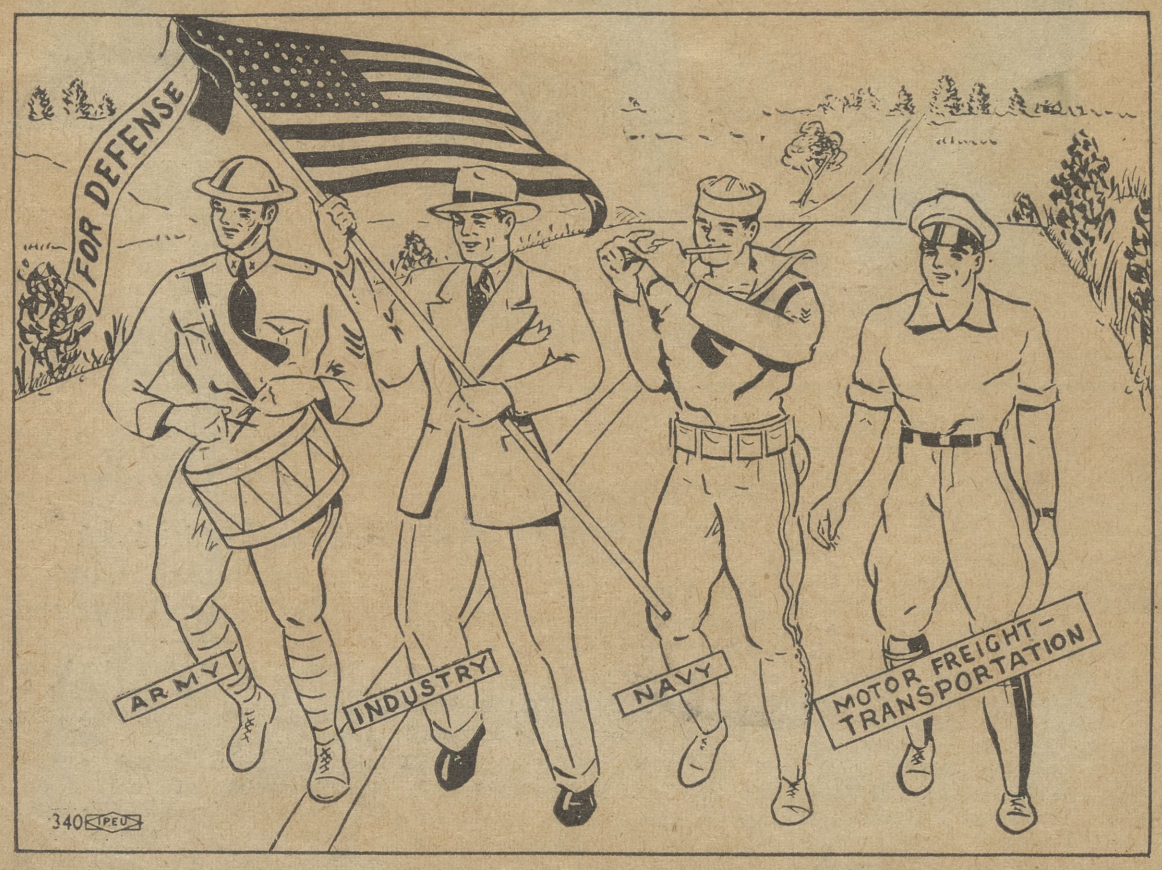
Truckin' and Truckin'

Truckin's not what it used to be,
At least it seems that way to me.
Young folk dancing two by two,
Call that truckin' and swingeroo.
They don't know what it's about,
Just twist, turn, prance and shout.
When they're grown and know what's true,
They can see what truckin' means to you.

Sometimes I Wonder . . .

Like now f'rinstance, in reading some of the recipes they hand out to us women . . . just what do they think we're made of—or our men folk. "Try shredded carrots in orange juice and raisins in lemon juice." Oh yes? I'll bet Miss Cooker De Luxe never tried it. As for myself—or Jim—we take pineapple.

THE SPIRIT OF 1940



Hot Shots From R Can Saw Bob

A bachelor is a man who couldn't drink enough free coffee to get a waitress to believe in him.

If you want to be different just act your natural self. There is no one else in the world like you.

There are times when I see drivers as jittery as a tobacco auctioneer sounds. That's time to come in for a shower and a bunk.

The greatest man in the world was the man who invented compound interest, but he was no relation to the man who invented side tanks on trucks.

Trucks nowadays have sleeper cabs, watch dogs, side storage tanks, and ice machines. Why not add free air and water, then they won't have to stop at all?

A trucker told me one day that he might buy some gas sometime if I gave him free air and water. What will his company give me if I ship by truck?

(Nothing I have has been shipped via rail. Twenty years on the road and I have recommended truck delivery since they first started.)

Captain—Why didn't you shave this morning?

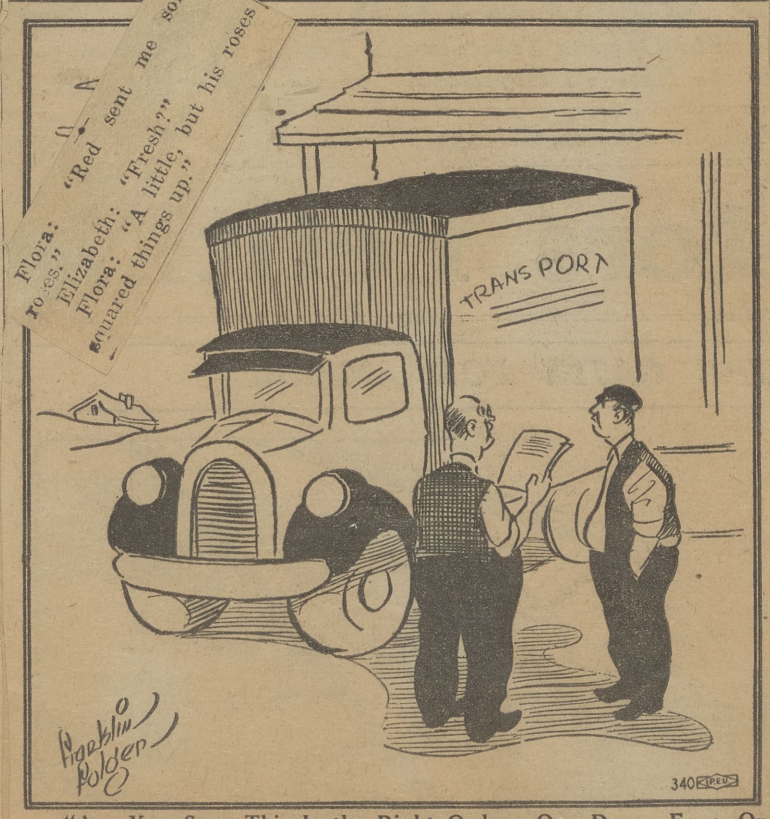
Private — I thought I did, sir, but there was twelve of us using the same mirror this morning and I must have shaved some other guy.

Chief: "Did you give your wife the lecture on economy?"

Gunner: "Yes. And now I must stop smoking cigars."

STOP!—LOOK and GRIN

by FRANKLIN FOLGER



"Are You Sure This Is the Right Order—One Dozen Eggs, One Half Pound of Butter and Two Loaves of Bread?"

STINGS OR OTHER THINGS FROM THE KAY-BEE-EATER

1349 E. Ridge Road, Route 6, Gary, Indiana.

Brown's Truckers

There's "Bill" and "Bob" and "Cliff,"
And then there's "Short" and "Bun."
They work for "Brown" at Trucking,
For money, not for fun.

Some say that "Bill's" romantic
All along the way.
They say the gals will notice him
All the live long day.

"Cliff" — Oh! he's a pal of "Bill's."
He ne'er will pack a tale,
And keeping "Bill's" dark secrets
Is a job he'll never fail.

"Bob"—He is a demon
As he dreams of motor bikes.
He says he likes to ride 'em
Lots better than to hike.

And "Bun" he really is a honey,
He's sure one for the book.
If there's a gal in the neighborhood
That's where "Bun" will look.

"Short" is short and yet he's tall.
He's blonde and handsome too.
Listen girls, beware of him
And things he'll tell to you.

These boys work so awfully hard,
Day in, day out, they slave,
So please be easy on them friends
If they sometimes misbehave.

SYRA©"SE, N.Y.
J"LY 18 1938

MR. WILKINSON AND MR. JOHNSON,

WE, YO"R DRIVERS, SOME OF "S WHO HAVE BEEN WITH YO" FOR SOME TIME, AND OTHERS OF "S WHO ARE NEW, HAVE REACHED A DECISION AMONG O"RSELVES WHICH WE WILL TRY TO CONVEY IN THIS LETTER.

WE ARE STRONGLY AGAINST THE STRONG-ARM OPP-RESSION WHICH IS TRYING TO BE EXERCISED ON "S. WE OBJECT TO THE FACT THAT WE ARE FORCED "NDER PENALTY OF THE LOSS OF O"R JOBS TO STAY IN A DESIGNATED PLACE PICKED O"T BY YO", R"N BY YO", AND IN YO"R WAY.

O"R DEMANDS ARE: IT SHALL BE OPTIONAL WITH "S FOR A MAN TO CHOOSE HIS OWN PLACE OF LIVING WHEN IN CHICAGO. IF S"CH OTHER PLACE IS CHOSEN, IT SHALL BE CARED FOR BY A COLORED MAID OR S"CH OTHER PERSON AS WE MAY DESIGNATE. IF ANY ONE OF "S ARE DISCHARGED BECA"SE WE DO NOT WISH TO STAY AT THE PLACE YO" DESIGNATE WE WILL ALL A"TOMATICALLY Q"IT WHEREVER WE ARE. THIS MEANS THAT ALL DISCHARGES M"ST BE S"BJECT TO O"R APPROVAL, BOTH NOW AND IN THE F"T"RE.

ONE MORE THING WE WISH TO BRING "P IS THE APPERENT MIS"NDERSTANDING BETWEEN O"RSELVES AND YO" AS TO YO"R PREVIO"S PROMISE OF FO"R DOLLARS INSTEAD OF FIVE FOR RENT. PERHAPS WE HAVE OVERLOOKED THE EXPENSE OF SOMEONE OR SOMETHING.

R E Belcher
F H Jones
Leo Shaffer
Ray Fleming
Harold Varill
John Wolf
Wilbur Holaday

Mit 2-8885

FOOD HANDLERS CERTIFICATE

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. MURRAY, JR.
DIRECTOR
DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS

C. V. CRASTER, M.D., D.P.H.
HEALTH OFFICER

Year

To the Gang Benny

Mon-2818 M

Come over and See me at

413 S. HALSTED ST.
PHONE: MONROE 7843

NICK KALLOS TAVERN

FINEST LIQUORS and WINES

NAME Anna Henkel.

COLOR W.
COLOR OF EYES Br
COLOR OF HAIR Br
HEIGHT 5'2
WEIGHT 150
BUILD

DEPT. OF HEALTH
Division of Food and Drugs
NEWARK, N. J.

S. G. SHARWELL
CHIEF
DIVISION OF FOOD
AND DRUGS

HOME ADDRESS 21 Lamb st.
EMPLOYED AT Unemployed RESTAURANT
ADDRESS
WAS EXAMINED ON 9/20/32.
SIGNED S G Sharwell
THIS CERTIFICATE IS GOOD UNTIL DECEMBER 31, 1932

HOME ADDRESS
EMPLOYED AT RESTAURANT
ADDRESS
WAS EXAMINED ON
SIGNED
THIS CERTIFICATE IS GOOD UNTIL

To greet you and wish you
much happiness
at Christmas and in
the New Year!

To the Gang Penney

Mon-2 & 8 m

Come over and See me at

413 S. HALSTED ST.
PHONE: MONROE 7843

NICK KALLOS TAVERN

FINEST LIQUORS and WINES

She Trucked A Million Miles Without A Truck

By Tail Gate Annie

Being known as Tail Gate Annie, and often referred to as a Truck Mother, it is no more than natural that I worry about the drivers and am taking this way to try to get the men and women of this country to help the truck driver when he is on the highway.

An ordinary motorist is in no way connected with the trucking world and does not stop to think of what the truck driver is up against when on the road.

You will probably ask me, "how may I meet these truckers?" That is the easiest thing possible! While out driving if you notice a lot of trucks stopped at a road side restaurant, stop! If it doesn't look high class enough for you, put that aside as it takes a truck driver to find out where there is a good place to eat with friendly service. They have a better chance to find these places than you, for often these men pull on that run 5 or 6 night a week.

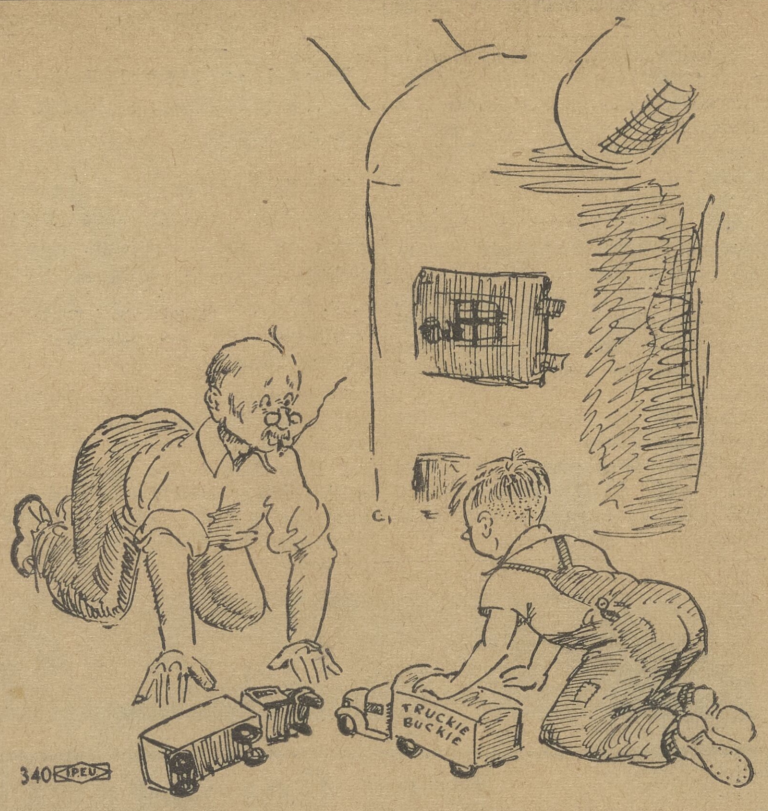
Supposing you do stop and the place is full of drivers, here is the scene that will probably greet you. A driver is leaning over the counter telling the waitress a joke. Sit down as close to this driver as you can, or any driver that is there. You can get into the conversation by laughing at their jokes and even tell one of your own, especially if you have a pet one.

If you are green in the way drivers live, act that way; ask him how far to the next town. See if he doesn't give you a courteous answer. Then ask him if that is by truck or sightseeing. Take it from me, the truckers know the short cuts and can tell you all the curves and where there is a bad one that is not lighted.

You can see the back of a truck for quite a distance; don't get yourself in an uncomfortable position and start honking your horn because it will do you about as much good as trying to wave at a pilot in an airplane. The noise of the motor and the singing of the tires makes it impossible for him to hear you honking—you don't have to slow your speed much when coming up behind a truck for your lights can be seen for some distance in his rear mirror. All you need do is blink your lights twice and he will know you want to go around him. If he blinks his twice in return you can depend upon the road being clear and you can pass with ease. Blink your lights once to thank the driver and he will blink his in return. He will probably say to himself, that fellow is a trucker or associates with drivers.

When meeting a truck you may think it is coming straight for you but what scares you most is the marker lights on the cab or front of the trailer. Those lights were not put there to make you think you have to take to a cornfield or cow pasture but are there to help remind you not to make for the middle of the road as soon as you have passed the cab for some tractors have what we call "double bottoms," and are longer in wheel base. They are not so much wider though that you need be afraid to meet them any more than an ordinary car.

TOO TOUGH FOR POP



"Junior, I'll tell Mother if you don't drive more carefully."

The Roadside Philosopher

By RAY S. AYER

Truck Drivers

This is a paean for truck drivers. It came to mind when one of the drivers at the garage suggested that I climb in and take the short ride to the office only a block away. I climbed in.

I know something about driving trucks; having owned them, driven them, repaired them and cursed them. We accept truck drivers casually—just men who drive trucks—not realizing how much they do for our conveniences and comforts.

Nowadays, there is hardly a service or a commodity in common use that we don't owe to these knights of the wheel. They bring us our food, our daily papers, even our automobiles. Through hours and days of storm—rain, sleet and snow—hazarding congested traffic with its accidents, they sit at the wheel, tense and alert, in our service.

An easy job? Try it. The fumes, the jar and the vibrations of even the modern truck take their toll in fatigue and nerve strain. Accidents, unavoidable accidents, occur and many a driver has been injured or killed in that commonplace vocation that adds to our conveniences.

We glide along comfortably and easily in our cars and we grumble at the trucks that crowd or delay us, forgetting that they are giving us service, piling up miles of strain and exhaustion so that we may get our paper, our loaf of bread or one of the other of our daily needs.

Truck drivers—just truck drivers—but what would we do without them? They deserve all the breaks we can give them on the road or elsewhere.

(Clipped from a Detroit paper and forwarded by a driver's wife.)

Advice from a Man of Experience (He hopes)

It's one of those bosses at White Owl,
He sure likes to hear himself howl,
I heard him telling one of the dames,
A few of his lovely girl friends' names.
There is one called Tizzy Lizzy,
Boy, that name sure sounds dizzie.
Then there is one by the name of Sue,
Sounds as though that one is new.
He is called Agnes at times,
When he gets behind the counter to make dimes.
He was heard telling one of the girls,
To watch herself for what he called perils.
He says that he will never get married,
But the girl will come along and he will be hurried
Off to the altar to put on the halter.
Then he won't do much bragging,
Because there sure is bound to be nagging.
Then soon there will come a baby,
Which he says will sure drive him crazy.
So much for you, Boss Johnny,
Who can sure shoot the bologna.

The other boss's name is Andy,
Who sure seems to be awful handy,
He has been bitten by the love bug
They say he has a real bear hug.
And he can really make love,
Just like a real turtle dove.
Now, please, boys, don't get mad,
For I am only a little lad.
Take it with smiles, or I will pass you up by miles,
Here's hoping we get this in the Mag,
Because we feel it is a good gag.

—By the White Owl
Keyhole Peeper

The Side Show At Rutan's Midway

U. S. 112-117—Somerset, Mich.

I am still looking for the guy that poured water on me and then raised the window, giving me a terrible cold—"The Victim."

Wonder what happened to that little girl we used to hear so much about from B. Atkinson.

Don Herbster doesn't look like he is loosing as much sleep as he used to since his heart throb went to Texas!

In fact none of the boys (Interstate) seem to be sleeping on the road any more.

We don't see much of Ray Plake since he got that new Plymouth.

They might make me pay an income tax this year, but oh, boy! will I surprise them next year.

—Basham.

Pat Kiltner is back driving for Howard Sober again.

Bill Monroe, formerly of Mayflower, called on us the other day. Do it again.

No, Emma doesn't work here any more; she will soon be living in Chicago. Our new waitress is Marie.

If you are stopped around here and are asked for your driver's license, etc. and don't have it, just mention that you know Cecile and Betty and see what happens? We are told that it works.

"It's hardly likely that London will be attacked," reassured the official.

"What!" shouted the indignant and surprised lady, "after all the money the government has spent on defense!"

Hello there.

Let's have a Birthday Party
Our page is one year old . . .
let's celebrate . . . invite the Poets . . .
play games . . . ice cream . . . cake . . .
But first . . .
let's learn their secret . . .
Why are the Poets different from us?
Is it a matter of choice?
We admit that we don't know . . .
But not the Poets.

CHOICE

Take the world as you please:
Here are the trees
Either for loveliness made,
Or merely shade;
And the hill drenched with dew is but a hill—

Feel the mist through the grass
Linger and pass—
Feel it—and if you will—
Stand still
And let it stir your heart
As the grass is stirred . . .
Or else without a word
Depart.

Take the world as you please:
Be the moon—moon; no more;
Empty of ecstasies,
Cold . . .
Poets and children will find in it gold!
It cannot freeze
For these,
Even though winter be white to the core!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

On a stormy night
we cower indoors . . .
and when it thunders . . . hold our ears . . .
And when it lightens . . . "Wow! see that."
But not the Poets.

WINDY NIGHT

The lightning witch is mad again!
Amid the night and rain,
She streaks her skinny fingers down
She strikes the tallest spires in town
And screams with wild disdain.

CHRIS REAL

House-cleaning time . . .
We find a moth . . .
we get the spray gun . . . sweep it up . . .
we throw it out . . . and smile with pride . . .
But not the Poets.

A MOTH FOUND ON THE FLOOR

Were I an entomologist,
I'd call you by your proper name
That's likely long and difficult, but now
You're just a dead gray moth—the grist
Of circumstance.

I touch your tame
And quiet wings, and then allow
Their spangled dust that lies like dew,
Or pollen on a flower, to glint
Upon my fingers—spread your wings;
Although they're drab and dull of hue,
Upon them lies a patterned print
Of intricate black stencilings
That shows a master craftsman's ink.

And here are hidden wings inside
Of velvet black, and on each lies
Surprisingly, two bars of radiant pink . . .
Who taught you wisdom, Moth, to hide
Your loveliness from casual eyes?

EDNA M. BECKER

POET'S HUNTING SONG

Just now there was a word: a silver fox
That leapt the mind's high hedge and sped away.
Be after him, my thought! (Strange paradox,
That he should come at all if not to stay.)
Now, every crying hound of memory,
Circle the woods, where speech is wont to hide,
And find my sleek and silken word for me—
The sly young fox that lately left my side.

Hurtle him back, the while I make a thong
Of strong emotions, grown articulate,
To tie the tiny trickster to a song;
Where I can sit and muse upon his fate,
Or shut him up within the printed page—
And watch the curious stroke him in his cage.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

Certificate of Merit

A STAR TRUCK STOP

TO ALL TRANSPORT DRIVERS:

This Is to Certify That the Management of

The Tail Gate

1036 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

has continuously supported your personal newspaper, THE TRANSPORT DRIVER, as indicated above—a Gold Star for a solid year of solid support. Such co-operation and loyalty merits your good will, and your patronage.

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

8430 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 251

Nov. 1 1939

DATE ISSUED

A. R. Phibbs

PRESIDENT

Whatever THE TRANSPORT DRIVER has accomplished during the past year has been made possible through the courtesy, cooperation and loyalty of our friends.

Please accept our sincere thanks
and our wish for a

Happy Christmas Season
and a
Prosperous New Year

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER
INCORPORATED
Original National Publication for Cross-Country Truck and Bus Drivers

W. R. Phillips

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W. R. Phillips
PRESIDENT

Lament of a Truck Driver's Wife

By D. M. Cable

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Was what I chose to lead.
This late, but well-meant warning
Is for other girls to heed.

Since truckers stick together,
And nary a word will tell—
There was no one to warn me
Of the things I now know well.

Truckers never learn to dance.
Manners they never learn.
When the honeymoon is o'er,
For good times, you will yearn!

Fun at the Sunken Gardens!
Your friends are there in flocks.
But you — you're just a stay-at-home,
Mending and darning socks.

He leaves his shoes in the hallway;
In shirt sleeves he comes to dinner.
While you coax, encourage, and teach him,
You get grayer and thinner.

To a strange city, he takes you,
And leaves you for days at a time,
While you sit at home and worry and fret;
With him, "Out of sight, out of mind."

Homesick, you leave for a visit home.
'Tis then that the final straw comes.
You're out with a pal, talking over old times,
When you bump into one of your chums.

"Let's walk," she says, "beyond the park;
I believe I have a surprise!"
That fateful day, when you ended your walk,
You couldn't believe your eyes.

That handsome blond you could have wed—
You swoon at the sight of him!
He's still a bachelor—loves you yet—
And you sigh: "It might have been."

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

STOP!—LOOK and GRIN

by FRANKLIN FOLGER

"There's something about our new boss I just don't like."

לשנה טובה תכתבו

A Happy New Year

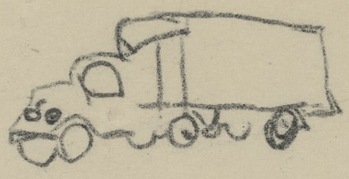
Morris Diamond

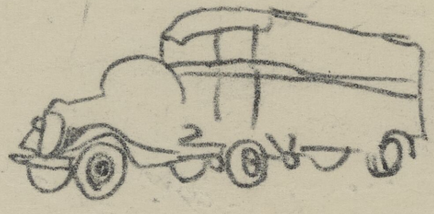
HIGHWAY CAVALCADE

BY

TAILGATE ANNIE

Highway
Canalcade





INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

180 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

August 5, 1941

Tailgate Annie
1806 South Carpenter Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Madam:

In response to your telephone inquiry of the other day, we are sending you herewith some photographs of International trucks, principally tractors pulling trailers.

I believe they will fulfill the purpose you have in mind for them.

Very truly yours,

Dale Cox

Dale Cox
Director, Public Relations

Enclosure

FOUR CUT-UPS

It took Hogan's Service Station, 15th and State Streets in Chicago, to capture a snapshot of the renowned Chuck Johnson and Pittsburgh Blackie with Michigan's famous Apple Knocker (left to right). Decorating the left background is Benny of the Wilhem's Transfer Co. The first named trio are all Interstate men.

A couple of snaps of the gar around Wester's Service in Chic go, with Frank and Bob in vac tion togs at the bottom.

THE TAIL GATE

IN MEMORIAM

We are sorry to report the death of Pat McClenahan, 829 26th Street, Denver, Colo., on April 22nd. Pat drove for J. B. Montgomery from Denver to Chicago and accidentally shot himself at his home while cleaning a revolver. The shot proved fatal. We, and his many friends here, wish to extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Seek Addresses of Driver's Relatives

On Nov. 12, 1938, at the Hotel Calvert, Chicago, a trucker, Walter M. Michaels, better known as "Curly," passed away.

Curly left a lot of good friends behind and they proved their friendship by helping put him away.

Due to the fact that Curly had no letters or addresses of any of his relatives, we had to go about it in that way to pay for the funeral. He was a world war veteran and the government paid their share.

Johnny Owens played the part of a good Samaritan. Aside from his job, he took charge at Hogan's station, and the boys around there put up the sum of eleven dollars, and there were flowers from Ida's Tavern, Leo Brodsky of Trans-American Freight Lines, Elsie of The Tailgate Lunch room, and the boys around Frank Wester's station.

The funeral was held at the Hursen Undertaking parlors at 1818 S. Mich. ave., Chicago. There were only a few friends attended, as it seems ther is a superstition among truckers, for they all feel they are driving on borrowed time. The ones present were D. W. Sparks, Norman Stanzell, John Owens and a friend, Mrs. Earl Aurandt, whose husband drives for Inter State, and two waitresses from 18th and Wabash Ave.

It seems there was little excuse for more cars not going to the grave. There was only Elsie's that followed him on his last ride. It seems all the idle tractors that were on the lot could have followed out of respect.

He was laid to rest in Beverly cemetery and as the earth closed around him, not a tractor was near.

May he rest in peace. We must all go and may we be big enough to see the ones before us go with a smile and have shoulders broad enough to pay our last respects to these boys who wander away from home to drive our freight truckks and give us all service.

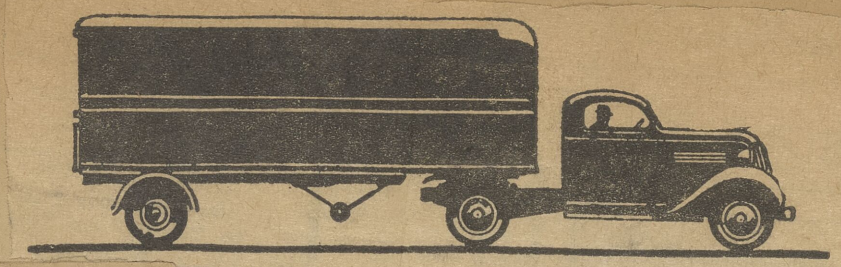
If there is anyone who knows the whereabouts of any of Walter Michael's people, please write to 2122 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.

— A Friend.

Notes From the News Box at Hogan's

The many friends of Ace Ferris, better known as the sheep herder from Wyoming, are looking forward to the day when he pulls his truck off Frank Wester's truck lot in Chicago and gets going before the tires rot off. When he does, may he have Freddie Jones by his side as helper.

We think it was the smell of the gas and oil that brought Johnny Jennings off the milk wagon in Michigan to hit the highway with Curly Michels on George Munkus' truck that pulls for Spector Motor Freight. Good luck, boys, and give the girls in Syracuse a break.



We overheard A. H. Bloom muttering these lines recently as he was struggling with his zipper:

I guess I'm dumb,
I surely must be,
For how zippers work
I never can see.

And that isn't all
I'm puzzled about;
Why zippers stick
I can't find out.

(Roadway.)

Cecil Shat: "Russel, sitting over there, says his soup isn't fit for a pig."

Waiter: "I'll take it away and bring him some that is."

Rus Mitchell: "I say, Eddie, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your fingerbowl?"

Eddie (Barbour): "Do you think I am going to get egg all over my pocket?"

A. Whitworth: "Tom, stop reaching across the table. Haven't you a tongue?"

F. Kraft: "Yes, Art, but my arm is longer."

V. Simmons: "Kelly, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

Daniels: "Yessir, it keeps the cow together."

Wallace R. (Barbour): "The garage man sent that second-hand truck you ordered and I tried it out.

Mitchell: "How many does it carry, comfortably?"

Wallace: "None."

H. Hartline: "I saw some rats running around. Why don't you get some rat biscuits for them?"

Gifford: "Get some rat biscuits for them? If they don't like what we eat they can starve!"

N. Thomas: "George, why do ducks and geese fly north in the springtime?"

G. Smallwood: "Because it's too far to walk."

For Sale—Mack dump job and driver with eleven foot body. Truck in good condition. Driver slightly stretched. Will do 19½ m. p. h. when in a hurry. For information call So. Chicago and ask for "Jug."

Last night a double bottom pulled up to Pete's gas station. The driver asked for an oil check and Pete found two quarts short so the driver reached behind the seat, got a half gallon can and filled her. To check the gas was next. Pete found ten gallons short and again from behind the seat the driver got two fives of gas and filled her. He then thanked Pete and pulled out. Pete was sore beccause he didn't have a chance to wipe off the windshield. Congratulations to Pete Soree

He put his Truck in gear & left Ohio
To Try & make Chicago on Time
With gas in his tanks & a smile on his face
And a load on his trailer behind.
But he never arrived No he never ARRIVED
For Twas fate that took over then.
And for hours & hours the boys stood waiting
For Brown & his load to come in.

Brown rolled his load across the Ohio State line
Into Indiana state in the night
The Towns rolled by & his spirits were high
& his Truck was running right.

A coal Truck was parked right on the pavement
And it didn't show any lights
A crash in the dark & his Truck Rolled over
And pinned Brown in his cab that night.

The tanks exploded & his Truck caught fire
And lit up the ~~[illegible]~~ countryside
The fire grew & the flames grew Brighter
With Brown caught in the cab on her side.

Now brown has gone & we know he'll be welcome
To that drivers Paradise up ~~[illegible]~~ There
& The boys all mourn for Brown we hoisgone
And his friendship they were glad to share

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

Who Said, "Ship by Truck" Was New?

Proving that "there's nothing new under the sun," W. F. Holroyd submits this picture of a truck, part of the Firestone Caravan which toured through the Northwest in 1920.

The photo, taken in Fargo, N. D., 19 years ago, reveals that on the side of the truck, almost obscured in the newspaper cut, is the slogan "Ship by Truck." The trip, a sort of circular tour, started in Chicago, wended its way through the Northwest, and wound up in Milwaukee.

Chicago Pick-Ups vs. Trans-American

All the Garage has gone soft on animals for Charley is talking baby talk now to his cat and five nice kittens. You should hear him say, "You nice little Poochy Woochy." that nearly kills us!

And a grease ball has gone into taking dogs to raise. Boys when you get kicked out at home, come down. The doors are open to all orphans.

Some of us boys wonder why there is a certain fellow who would like Tail Gate Annie to have a back door put in her tail Gate.

Hey, Pop, didn't think that of you!

Will Tail Gate Annie make the rinkey-dink or will she keep the hinges on her Tail Gate free from rust?

Can you boys guess who sits in the back booth at 4 o'clock every Sunday afternoon and why? Dot can tell you.

Can't a certain fellow hang curtain rods while in Chicago without it getting out that he is going with the girl?

Eddie Hayes said he has to hear his theme song after every run. "I need loving." Why?

Why does it get cold in the Tail Gate, even now that it is summer? Ask Allen and Tucker. They should know.

Willie Daile has gone in for a pastime that is educational. He is taking the younger generation to the Brookfield zoo. He said it is lots more interesting than listening to the boys at the Tail Gate on Saturday afternoons.

Johnny Gardner has a new pastime. Ask him about the cows. He can tell you all the different breeds and the butter fat percentage of each.

A Dog

'Tis pity not to have a dog,
For at the long day's end
The man or boy will know the joy
Of welcome from a friend.
And whether he be rich or poor
Or much or little bring,
The dog will mark his step and bark
As if he were a king.

Though gossips whisper now and then
Of faults they plainly see,
And some may sneer, from year to year
My dog stays true to me.
He's glad to follow where I go,
And, though I win or fail,
His love for me he'll let me see
By wagging of his tail.

Now, if I were to list the friends
Of mine in smiles and tears
Who through and through are staunch and true
And constant down the years,
In spite of all my many faults
Which critics catalogue
Deserving blame, I'd have to name
My ever-faithful dog.

'Tis pity not to have a dog,
Whatever be his breed,
For dogs possess a faithfulness
Which humans sadly need.
And whether skies be blue or gray,
Good luck or ill attend
Man's toil by day, a dog will stay
His ever-constant frend.

(Copyright, 1933)

Pioneer Lunch

On Beverly Hill - Open All Night

Why does "Al" of McClain sit in the kitchen at Blue Bell in Beaver Dam so long?

Mary's Little Lamb

Mary has a little lamb,
Bobby is his name,
Mary works at The Shamrock,
Bobby works for McClain.
Bobby bought a diamond ring,
Mary wears it now,
Someone finally woke him up,
We all wonder how.
Bobby will soon have a wife,
He'll also have a farm,
We wish for them a happy life,
Free from care and harm.
And when their cozy little home is blessed
With a little "bundle from heaven"
I bet that they won't stop until
They have six or seven.
—Signed, "One of Bob's friends

"Pappy Read"

Pappy Read stopped on the hill,
Thinking he would get his fill,
But he found the cupboard bare
Cause "Cowboy Smitty' had beat him there.
He's always stopping here and there,
And having lots of fun,
But when his wife reads all of this,
Pappy's playing days are done.

Is it because of your dependents that you pinch a nickel until the buffalo yells, Bobby?

HIGHWAY DRIVERS, HELPERS, & PLATFORM WORKERS UNION

Division of Local 710

International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers of America. Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

OFFICERS OF LOCAL 710

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Frank Brown
ice President—
Michael O'Connor
ecording Secretary—
Frank Schmitt
ecretary & Treasurer—
John T. O'Brien
rustees—
Andrew Striegel
Wayne Middleton
Andrew Kelly

4217 South Halsted Street

Chicago, Illinois

BUSINESS AGENTS OF LOCAL 710

Frank Brown
Michael Healy
Walter O'Brien
Raymond Brown
Thomas Keegan
Joseph S. Defily

To the Boys of the Highway

Here's to the boys who drive at night,
To stay awake they sure do fight.
They drive down the roads,
With some awful heavy loads,
Some have a wife at home,
And think it nice to roam.
Some are very good fellows,
While some are full of bellows.
They drive over the roads with smiles,
And don't care a thing about the miles.
Some of the boys are awful flirts,
To anything that has on skirts.
But most of the boys are kind,
Those fellows are not hard to find.
And, if another pal breaks down,
The man in the back pulls him to town.
And if he should say, "How much do I owe you?"
It makes the other fellow—oh, so blue.
And when they get on the road,
They set a pace,
The boys do not think they are running a race.
Sometimes they meet a fellow in a car,
Who's ina hurry and not going far
The fellow drives like a dummy,
And laughs and thinks it is funny.
He sure makes life bad for the truck driving lad,
He cuts in and out from lane to lane,
And sure gives the trucker boy a pain.
Here's hoping that the boys
Live long and have many joys!

—A Driver
At Welsh Bros Motor Service
Hammond, Ind.

March, 1939

Chicago Pick-Ups Via Transamerican

We hear that Sky Jones and Beaty are in the construction business on the side.

Howard Foy is walking around with his chest out. He's the father of a baby boy. Congratulations, Howard.

Eddie Hayes is holding down the Columbus run. How are the gals, Eddie?

All the boys around the Chicago terminal hope to see Pop Baker back on the St. Louis run soon. Pop is convalescing from an operation.

We are all wondering why Ann, from the Tailgate, went to Detroit on such short notice. There's some talk that a certain dock foreman was in Detroit at the same time. We would like to know if it was in Detroit that the dock foreman bumped into the door or forgot to duck or sumpin.

Some more Tailgate gossip is that Velletta likes a certain little fellow that drives a truck — we think his number is 214.

We see that Frank Tucker has taken another job off the highway. He is a service and stock room man for Transamerican working out of the Chicago terminal. Frank has a good record as a highway driver. We wonder how long he will be off the highway this time.

By the way, if you want to know how tough a train is, ask Foreman. He knows.

We hear that a couple of the boys bought a Buick. Huh?

Charlie King seems to be getting out of Chicago on Saturdays O. K. lately. No more layovers.

People out in yachts are those on the crest of the wave.

A TRUCK DRIVER'S SERENADE

By LAURA FREEMAN
(A Driver's Wife)

Oh! Blast this thing, the starter's stuck,
I've broke a spring, that's just my luck.
What made me pick this wobbly truck,
This transmission always wants to buck;
Us guys sure need a lot of pluck!
Why did I learn to drive a truck?

Boy! Is that guy coming fast!
Did he hear me cuss when he went past?
That cowboy's lucky will never last,
He'll be under a flag that hangs halt mast.
I hope I don't run out of gas!
It must be midnight, or half past.

I hope we've got good roads ahead;
I wish that I was home in bed.
That motor's drumming in my head,
And, boy! My eyelids feel like lead.
I'm half way there, there's miles ahead,
I wish I was heading home instead.

I heard a noise! Say, what was that?
Don't tell me there's a tire flat!
Where's my flashlight? Where's my hat?
I'll have to see which one is flat.
Hand me that jack, hurry, Pat!
I'm so tired, don't know where I'm at,

Two more days, and we get paid.
This week, three trips I've made.
Boy! To shine up with a cut and shave.
Say! I'll feel like a new born babe.
Along the Highway Cavalcade,
This is the truck driver's serenade.

TEN HOUR RUN

Around the corner at seven o'clock,
Out started Winnie's Steve;
They were on their way to Lincoln,
Where he was plannin to leave

Down the road sat Lloyd,
Having a little bad luck,
When up drove Steve and said,
"Winnie's waiting, hurry with
the truck."

When this was mentioned,
Lloyd started the truck,
And away he went
To pick Winnie up.

They arrived at Sterling
Next Morning at seven,
And when they got there,
Winnie thought she was in
heaven.

She said "No more trucking for
Winnie,
For fear of some bad luck,
And if I ever go again,
Please don't take me in a truck."

DAILY TRIBUNE: W

CITY'S CAPTIVE

Animal trapped on south side.

Emil Fuja, 21 years old, an employé of the Transamerican Freight Line, Inc., 3923 South Wentworth avenue, paused last night to pet an animal near a packing box in the company's receiving depot. The animal sprang at him and ripped a hole in his coat. Then it disappeared into the darkness. A searching party found it in the rafters of the building and captured it. In the light it was discovered they had trapped a wildcat about half grown. They made a cage for it and now they are looking for its owner. There was no wildcat reported missing last night.

In Memory of Slim

To one who has run life's short
race,
And has gone beyond to find a
parking place,
Orlando Evans, known as Slim,
In memory this verse we dedicate
to him.
Known and liked up and down the
highway,
He'll be missed by friends for
many a day.
For years he traveled the nation's
roads,
For Associated Freight he piloted
loads,
And his happy word and smiling
face,
Is missed in many a truckers'
place.
His loved ones have our deepest
sympathy,
He's missed at Junction Six and
Thirty-three.
—From Ted's Place,
Ligonier, Ind.

NO CHANCES

Cautious Chap (in tavern)—Tell me, beautiful, what do you consider a perfectly safe drink?

Beautiful — Any up to my fourth, boyfriend.

Topheavy Freight Truck Upsets at Turn

This heavily laden trailer-truck, operated by W. Hausburg of 7206 E. Indiana st., Gary, Ind., and owned by Jack H. Jenkins of Gary, toppled over in attempting to negotiate the turn from W. Genesee st. into State Fair blvd. yesterday afternoon. The driver, extricated by the driver of a similar machine which was following, suffered only bruises of the little finger of the right hand and of his shoulder. Hausburg told Patrolman Herbert Franz that the load was topheavy. The accident broke off a hydrant.

TAILGATE ANNIE

The owner of The Tailgate, popular drivers' lunch room at 2122 May St. in Chicago.

That Golden (?) Silence

When you look at me that way
What does it mean? You never say.
Is that silent glance adoring,
Or signify you find me boring?
I am puzzled to distraction
Wondering if it is attraction
Which impels that quiet stare—
I'd like to ask, but do not dare;
And it seems you'll never tell—
Maybe it is just as well!

Marion Koppell.

Looks like Cowboy Mary has gone Eskimo because we saw her reading, "A Short Cut to Alaska."

We hear R. B. (Silver Fleet) said his run was no good until Kimmel showed him a letter from the union and told him it was his for a year.

The waitresses at the White Owl should gain weight. The bosses claim they consume $185 worth of profits every month.

If you never saw how a dying calf rolls its eyes come over and see John (in Whiting) when Grace is on duty.

It was quite a blow to driver Moe, who is now in heaven or down below. For driving along in flying snow, he held on BUT the wheel let go.

don't watch out.

Lucile, our little Minnesota gal, wants everyone to know that she isn't a big Swede.

Just who is this guy called "Cutie" Jones? (Hancock).

Pee Wee (Hancock) sure has a time driving a Diesel. Every time he shifts gears he has to jump down from the seat and run over to them. 'Bout wears him out.

All the women in Terre Haute crush on since the blonde left the Tailgate. John says he's the best looking driver on the run.

Why does Tailgate Annie always duck her head when someone says "Low bridge"? Must be from the Mississippi tugboat.

Swede Carlson is sporting a Plymouth coupe. Seems that Swede doesn't like trolley cars.

What does Million Mile Sparkie do with his spare time lately?

Chicago Pick-Ups Via Transamerican

There is nothing cheap about Foreman. He pays $1.75 for coffee and toast.

Kinda looks like Herman of the Tailgate fell off the wagon. He fell in it.

They say Finkbinder is quite a fiddle player. He also croons, according to Leipold.

We hear that Eddie Hayes and another Columbus driver are going into business in Van Worth.

"Baggy Pants" Fowler is the chief bailer-outer on the Angola division.

Wonder who Pretty Boy Barant, of the Angola run, has a

NO REFILLS

Percy—Did you fill your big date last night?

Alford—I hope so; she ate everything in sight at two night clubs and a restaurant.

—Exchange.

Chicago Pick-Ups Via Transamerican

The following "blessed events" have arrived and the proud parents are: Mr. and Mrs. "Frenchie" Levine, of Pittsburgh, Pa.—a girl; Mr. and Mrs. Russel Stevenson, of Chicago, ten pound girl, Carole Delores; McLaughlin of Chicago dock, but Mac will have to tell us whether it's a boy or girl, we haven't heard.

Can it be our boys never grow up? Maybe Forman of Detroit (and his "Pals") want to keep the reputation as being tough guys.

Seems they had to pay "35 bucks" for the damage they did to a certain restaurant. But they said that was cheap entertainment, as Forman remembers paying $1.50 in jail for 2 eggs and toast.

Hope you boys keep fit, as we look forward to you all laying over in Chicago. Seems there's work "here" to be done, and the "Detroit" boys are excellent.

He: "Do you know what the little man who wasn't there eats for breakfast?"

She: "No. What does he?"

He: "Ghost-toasties and evaporated milk!"

Milwaukee Office,
November 6, 1939.

PERSONAL

Mr. M. J. Conley,
CHICAGO Office.

Dear Sir:

We wish to advise you that the Milwaukee Bowling Team, representing Transamerican Freight Lines, Inc., will be in Chicago on Sunday, November 12th., to oppose the collection of antigue's, has-beens, would-bes, etc., that will make up Chicago's team. We trust you will not "load up" on us too much, although we couldn't really blame you, as it would be quite a novelty to beat us -- just to relieve the monotony of the situation.

We want you to know that we are bringing a team composed of all-Transamerican employees, hoping that you can get enough of a team together of your men to make a match of it.

Our lineup will be as follows: "One-Man Gang Wagner", "Slicker" Cleaveland, "Step-and-a-half" Hintz, "One Man Band" Langnes and "Cannonball" Burt. You will probably never again witness such a collection of stars.

We also want to warn you that our "One Man Band" will accompany the team, as a bowler, in the name of Langnes, and want you to make arrangements where he can put on his acts after the match. This part will be the highlight of the day and be sure and fix up somewhere that will be suitable for such an occasion. Perhaps "Tail-gate" Annie would rent you her attic or basement.

If you have your same team we will bowl for the alleys -- if you have a bunch of ringers we will not. We will also be interested in a keg of beer, to be paid for by the losers, providing of course you limit yourselves to bowlers in the employe of the company.

Until Sunday next -- keep the alleys clean.

Very truly yours,

MILWAUKEE
BOWLING COMMITTEE.
By Cannonball Burt

Says He Dozed

"I dropped off to sleep," Hayes said at the hospital. "That is the truth, and I might as well tell it, although it'll mean my job. I had had plenty of rest, and cannot explain it. I left Chicago to drive as far as Toledo, where I would have been relieved by another driver. At Indiana Harbor, I stopped at a filling station and slept two hours. Then, I stopped at a filling station on U. S. 20 west of Elkhart at the county line, took on gasoline and had a lunch. This is my first serious accident, in nine years of truck driving. I have been with the Trans American company for four years. At the time of the accident I was going not more than 25 miles an hour."

Legs Deeply Burned

Hayes is suffering from deep burns to his legs and hips, an injury to his chest believed to involve fracture of ribs on the right side, and several minor cuts. The attending physician said today that whether he will recover can not be determined for a day or two. His residence is at 415 Thirteenth street, Toledo. He said he is single and has no close relatives.

Efforts of Deputy Sheriff Bernard Buckley, two Elkhart police officers, and volunteers, using fire extinguishers loaned by the Elkhart fire department, proved futile in an attempt to put out the truck fire.

The machine, consisting of a 1936 Ford V-8 tractor, new all-

Please see TRUCK, Page 4.

TRUCK

(Continued from Page 1.)

steel trailer, and its entire load of general merchandise, consigned to Pittsburgh and New York, were destroyed.

Vague on Value

Driver Hayes at the hospital estimated that the tractor and trailer were worth $5,000, and that the load, which he had not inspected before leaving Chicago at 11:20 Monday night, "might have been worth anywhere from $5,000 to $30,000."

A bill of lading salvaged from the burning truck by Deputy Sheriff Buckley showed that the destroyed cargo consisted of cheese, clothing, retreaded tires, sugar, cereals, radio sets, and other articles.

Dispatcher M. J. Connelly of the Chicago office of the Trans American company, was notified by the hospital this morning and said he would come to Elkhart.

The north side railing of the Pine creek bridge, sideswiped by the truck, was only slightly damaged.

Highway Cleared

The truck, while burning, was towed by a wreck car from Dutch's garage, to the south edge of the highway east of the bridge, making it possible for traffic to use one lane over the bridge. Deputy Buckley was assisted by County Officer Gerald Witman and State Officers John Garda and Scott in directing traffic.

Buckley said that apparently the fire started about the motor and immediately spread to gasoline in a tank under the seat of the tractor cab.

He said the truck was loaded with many types of merchandise, including radio sets and groceries.

THE TAIL GATE

2122 So. May St., Chicago

Tuesday. Nov 8. 1938.

Roast Chicken giblet dressing .25

" Chestnut " .25

Roast Turkey Sage dressing cranberrie Sauce-mashed Pot .25

Extra large Small steak .20

Fried Rabbit French Fried Pot. .15

Roast Beef with Mushroom Sauce. .20

" Pork + Apple Sauce + Mushrooms .20

Large Turkey Sandwich Mashed potatoes + Gravy — .10

Hamburgh sandwich — — — — .25

Fried egg sandwich — — — .30

Ed. Hayes'
To you
FROM me

TRUCKIN' WITH THE WIFE

BY SALLY

Mayday Dreams—

May brings vacation dreams to you—you—even to me. There's the World's Fair and New York's bustle . . . Golden Gate Exposition and San Francisco's lure . . . fishin' and camping worries . . . swimmin' and resort pickings. Where to go, what to see, (or what's even more important), spare time and the size of the ole family pocketbook. Oh yes, and the whims of the man in the house.

If he's in a good mood tonight, I'll ask where we're going this summer. On the other hand, maybe I'd do better by suggesting a trip, just to start him thinking. But I swear if he wants to go visiting that farm again this year, I'll put my foot down. I will, and nothing can change my mind. Not like last time, and the time before that. Of course there's sure to be an argument, so I guess I'll keep quiet about the whole thing. Sooner or later the subject will spring up anyway.

"What's that Junior dear? No, you're too young to go to camp. Maybe next summer. No, Junior, we are **not** going to the country again. Why don't you stop asking questions and go out to play?"

And Suspicions

If I say so myself, I'm the least suspicious woman in the world. But when friend husband favors a certain restaurant each time he takes the truck a certain distance . . . and when that certain restaurant happens to have a very, very blond, (bleached to you), waitress . . . I sorta wonder. They say the sap begins to run in the Spring. Could they mean my bitter (?) half? If so, he'd better run straight home, especially if he knows what's good for him.

Not that I'm the kind to suspect anything or anyone—oh no! All my friends will tell you that I believe each word the hubby says, but confidentially that's what they think. Maybe I listen well, but all the same there's a whale of a lot of questions in my mind. Any day now, if he doesn't watch out, those questions will have to be answered. Every last one of 'em.

As I say, I'm the trusting kind. Maybe the food is better at that restaurant. I'm not saying it isn't. Perhaps it's worth going out of your way to get some good grub. Just the same, I'm serving warning here and now. If I find so much as one more very, very blond (bleached) hair on his suit lapel, there's going to be some fire works set off by Sally. Just thought I'd mention the matter for what it was worth — and brother — aren't you glad I did?

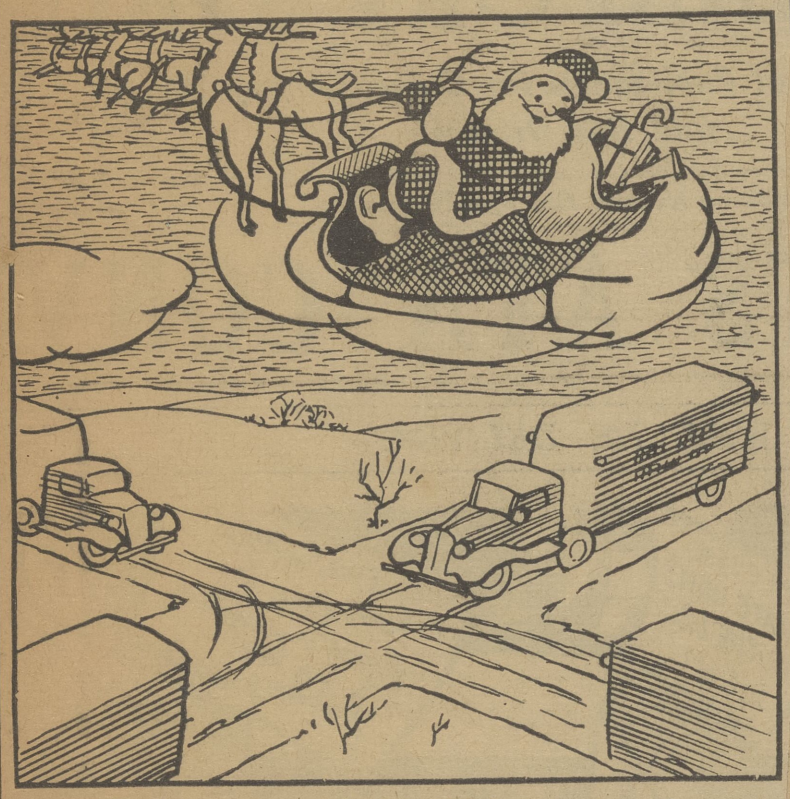
From Marge and Bernie's

Cecil Smith (Scott Co.), says "If you tell a girl a good story, she'll laugh at it, but if you tell her a bad one, she'll repeat it."

Driver, in restaurant: "Why don't you shoo your flies?"

Proprietor: "Well, you see it's so hot in here, I thought I'd let them run around barefooted."

"Those Boys Are Making My Job Easier Each Year"



Reprinted by request from the 1936 Christmas issue of THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

A Driver's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when just beyond town,
A convoy was coming o'er snow-laden ground.
The drivers were cold, and tired as well.
One said to his helper, "This snowstorm is hell."
When up just before them there loomed into sight
A decorated bungalow with cheery yule lights.
Though the snowflakes were glistening, as they passed they could see
Merry children at play 'round a big Christmas tree.
Their hearts had been heavy till this house they did view,
Then with thinking of home, gave them sweet life anew.
They rode on in silence, not speaking a word,
And the sound of the motor was all could be heard.

As they started up hill how the motor did groan,
But it seemed to be saying, I'm taking you home.
With the cry and the moan of the wind dying down,
There came softly stealing, a musical sound.
Then they smiled at each other as they traveled along,
For they found they were humming an old Christmas song.
The wheels flew in answer to the engine's firm call,
And they laughed and they chuckled 'bout nothing at all.
In a distance a church bell was tolling eleven,
And soon they'd be home and that would be Heaven.
Then rounding a curve after passing this clock,
In a minute or two they pulled in at the dock.

With a hearty "hello" and then registering in,
They started for home where the fun would begin.
On the corner a gang yelled, "Come drink and be merry,"
"Oh no, thank you boys, we're in a big hurry."
One, reaching his home, as he turned to the door,
Said, "So long young fellow, I'll see you some more."
At the window was pressed a face small and sweet,
And he heard the soft patter of tiny young feet.
His wife sprung up from the gifts on the floor,
And he hugged her and kissed her like never before.
Then there could be heard in a sweet childish tone,
"It's a merry Christmas for me, 'cause My Daddy is home."

—Submitted by Miss Honey Emery,
203 So. 41st St., Louisville, Ky.

The Night Before Christmas

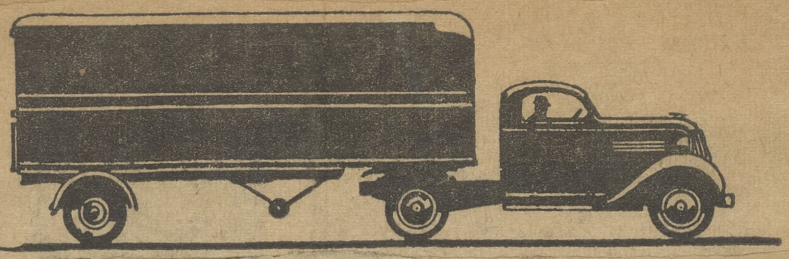
By Charles Floyd, Lett & Co. of Indiana

'Twas the night before Christmas; I was clean out of luck,
And drivin' like heck in a Chevrolet truck.
The hitch-hikers stood in a row by the road,
As I wheeled her right through with a big heavy load.
And out on the highway I met old St. Nick,
He was clearing the road with a shovel and pick.
The snow was so deep that he couldn't get through,
And he knew the next morning the kids would be blue.
He held up his hand as my Chev'y roared by,
And I noticed he had a big tear in his eye.
So I slammed on the brake and stopped her right quick,
And jumped out to help the good old St. Nick.
We threw the freight off in the snow by the road,
And worked like the dickens to transfer his load.
The toys and the candy and mittens and socks
Were piled on the fenders and in the tool box.
Now drive 'er like heck and I'll show you the way,
Cried good old St. Nick, who was now feeling gay.
So I stepped on the starter and gave her the gun
'Cause I knew I was in for a heck of a run.
And over the mountains that Chevrolet roared,
As over the house tops she sailed and soared.
Down every chimney he dropped like a plumb,
If you think I'm lying, it just shows you're dumb.
He'd go down with a load and come back with a smile,
And he kept on doing that mile after mile.
We made every house in the whole land that night
And were back with his reindeer before it was light.
Then he jumped in his sleigh and he cracked his big whip,
And the deer started northward zippity, zip.
And he called o'er his shoulder as he pulled out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

(From the News Box at Check Station No. 4, Cedar Grove, Indiana.)

FREIGHT UNS...

Highway transportation, which saves consumers tens of millions annually, is far from being subsidized, latest figures show. A recent government report reveals that in a comparable year highway transport overpaid $110,722,000 more than its fair share of road costs; railroads were subsidized $35,635,000; waterways, $128,528,000; airways, $21,010,000. Pipe lines paid their own way.



WITH THE THINKERS

An iron and nickel alloy recently patented is hard enough to scratch glass.

—

A fadeometer has been devised to test material, showing how soon it will fade if exposed to strong light.

—

The postoffice at Dagenham, Essex, England, has a skylight which takes the glare and most of the heat out of the sunlight.

—

A warning device for highways, to slow down speeding cars, flashes a sign "Slow Down" when a motorist exceeds a certain limit.

—

A machine said to be capable of scoring 935 examinations an hour has been developed by Dr. Ben D. Wood of Columbia university.

—

A firm in Yorkshire has discovered a process by means of which glass can be spun like textiles, and produced on a commercial scale.

—

Production of a glass that shuts out heat is promised in Prague, Czechoslovakia, as the result of a discovery of a Bohemian inventor.

—

Eyeglasses that enable you to read a book on your lap while still apparently looking straight ahead are the latest novelty in Germany.

—

A noise meter measuring actual loudness by the indication of a pointer moving over a dial has been invented by the National Physical laboratory in London.

Pity is akin to affection when it is the pity of one man for another.

A man who believes all he reads is nearly as helpless as one who cannot read at all.

We can all justifiably call each other boobs, because at times that is what we may be.

Bub (Coors) is considering making this his home for the summer. The only thing lacking is air cushioned stools and breakfast in bed.

We read that the new spring hair dress is to be real short. Now the fellows will have to comment on the gals looking like "peeled onions." Shucks, it's always something.

Voice (from the rear): "Better go home and sleep it off, old man."

However the young generation turns out, we are sure it will be interesting.

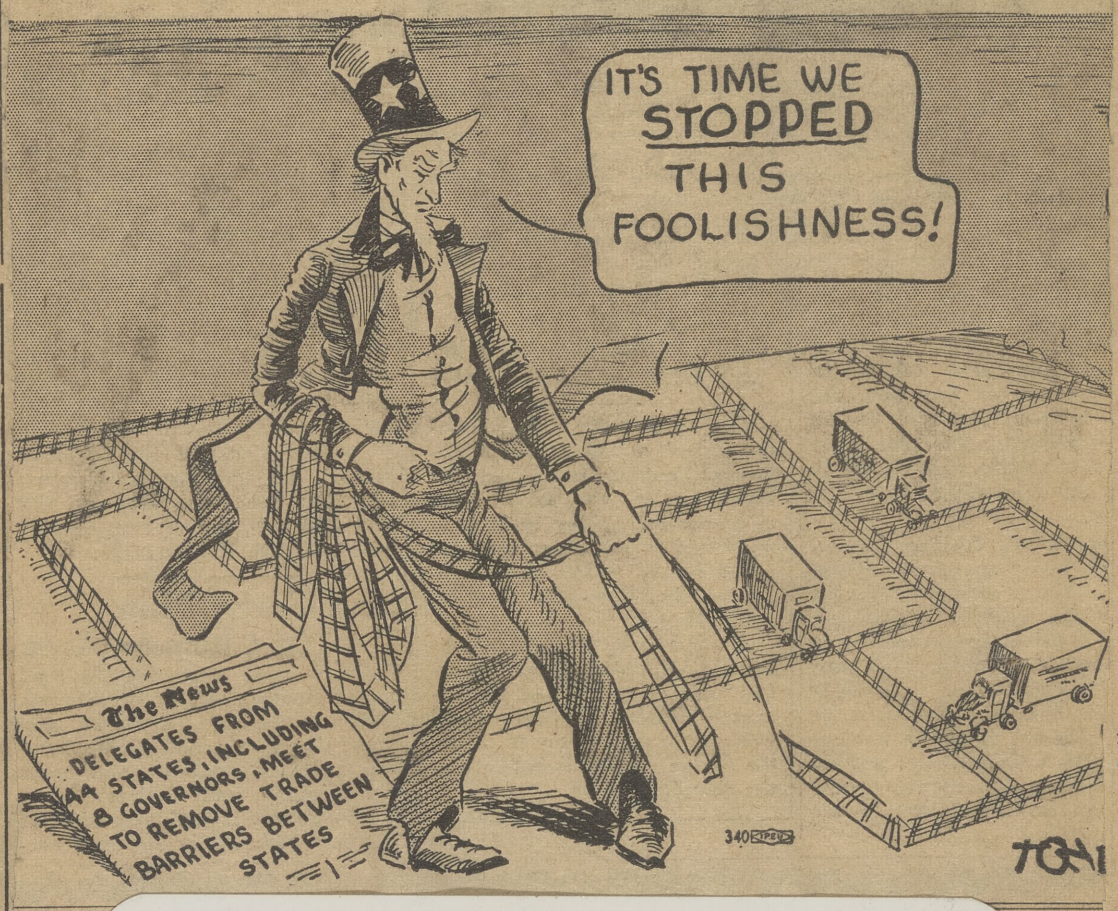
After sixty a man usually needs a daytime nap of an hour or two instead of exercise.

PROVE IT

A miner and his wife were emigrating to America. The clerk, reading his passport, said: "Yes, this seems all right, but how are you going to prove this woman is your wife?"

"Ma bonnie lad," said Geordie, "if you can prove she isn't, Aa'll give tha ten pund!"

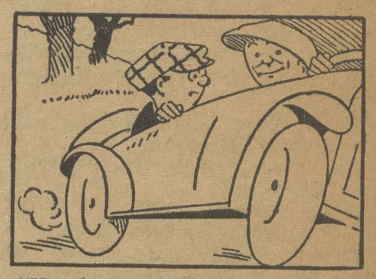
O. K. UNCLE, LET 'EM ROLL!



Mrs. Justwed—I can't help feeling jealous of my husband's first love.

Mrs. Longwed—My husband's first love doesn't bother me any, it's his next love that I worry about.

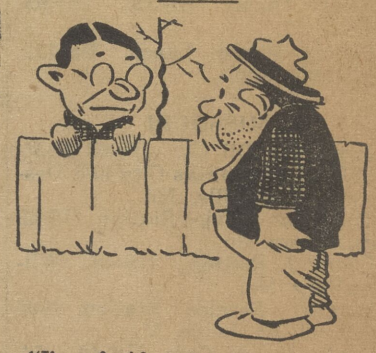
GLOOMY GUS



"You look jaded this morning."

"Dreamed last night I took a 50-mile spin in my car, broke down, and had to walk all the way home."

NO CHANCE



"I'm afraid you've been traveling crooked paths, my man."

"Dis world ain't built on de square, boss—dere ain't a straight path on it."

HE SPRAWLED

"Green was running for the legislature—what made him fall down?"

"Tripped by his record, I think."

WENT ALL THE WAY

Mrs. Gay—Where were you last night?

Mr. Gay—Sitting up with a sick friend.

Mrs. Gay—That's the limit.

Mr. Gay—No—there wasn't a

Oct 15th In my heart Will always be a Soft Place for you.

Truck Driver Dies In Fire; Helper Hurt

Transport Side swipes Coal Van, Bursts Into Flame And Turns Over.

Mishap Occurs On Road 30 Near Zulu

O. W. Brown, Dayton, Dead; Harold Stoner Is Badly Burned.

Flaming death overtook O. W. Brown, 33, Island Park, Dayton, O., driver of a Trans-American Freight Company semi-trailer truck in a collision on U. S. Road No. 30 a quarter of a mile west of Zulu at 3 a.m. today. His relief driver, Harold Stoner, 38, Valparaiso, is in a serious condition in the Van Wert, O., hospital suffering from burns.

Brown was cremated in the cab of the tractor as it whip-cracked around after it sideswiped a truck operated by Elmer R. Gordon, 28, Churubusco. The big vehicle skidded, swerved around on the highway and turned over on its left side, headed east in the direction from which it had come.

State Patrolman Mark Nelson, who with Deputy Sheriff Fred Schoppman, investigated the accident, said that Brown was apparently trying to pass the truck Gordon was driving. The gas tank of the transport was ripped open as it swerved against the rear wheel and body of the second truck, which was owned by Victor Zumbrum, of Churubusco, but leased to the Peabody Company, of North Manchester.

Gasoline Ignites.

In the rending sideswipe crash, the gasoline pouring from the tank ignited and with a roar of flame the whole cab and trailer was enveloped in fire.

The truck swerved to the right, then back across the road and the trailer jack-knifed, whipping the tractor around so that it was headed back to the east when the transport turned over on its left side. The trailer was in the ditch, but the tractor extended partly across the pavement.

Stoner was thrown out of the cab, his clothing ablaze. He was badly burned from his waist to his toes, the hair was burned off his head and his hands burned. Hospital attaches said that his torso was relatively unburned, however. He was taken in another truck to the Van Wert hospital.

Rescue Efforts Fail.

All efforts to rescue the unfortunate Brown from the cab were futile. The fire was so fierce and the heat so intense that rescuers, who quickly gathered at the scene, were beaten back in their efforts to reach the doomed driver. His body was charred, the head, legs and arms being entirely consumed. Identification was established through Stoner and by a driver of another Trans-American transport which was following.

Nelson said both trucks were westbound. The Peabody van was loaded with coal and the Trans-American transport with cash registers, electrical refrigeration and air conditioning parts. The latter cargo was destroyed. While the side of the coal truck was ripped off, it did not turn over and Gordon was not hurt.

While Road 30 makes a slight curve just west of the spot where the mishap occurred near the Grummeaux Road, Nelson said the vision at the actual scene of the crash was good. Nelson said the transport skidded 77 feet before it turned over, according to marks of its tires on the pavement.

Deputy Coroner At Scene.

Deputy Coroner C. B. Parker made an investigation of the death of Brown and indicated a verdict of accidental death would be returned. No inquest has been scheduled.

The body of Brown was brought to the Julian Schone Funeral Home here. Nelson learned the victim is survived by a widow and three children.

Killed in Crash of Cash Register Van

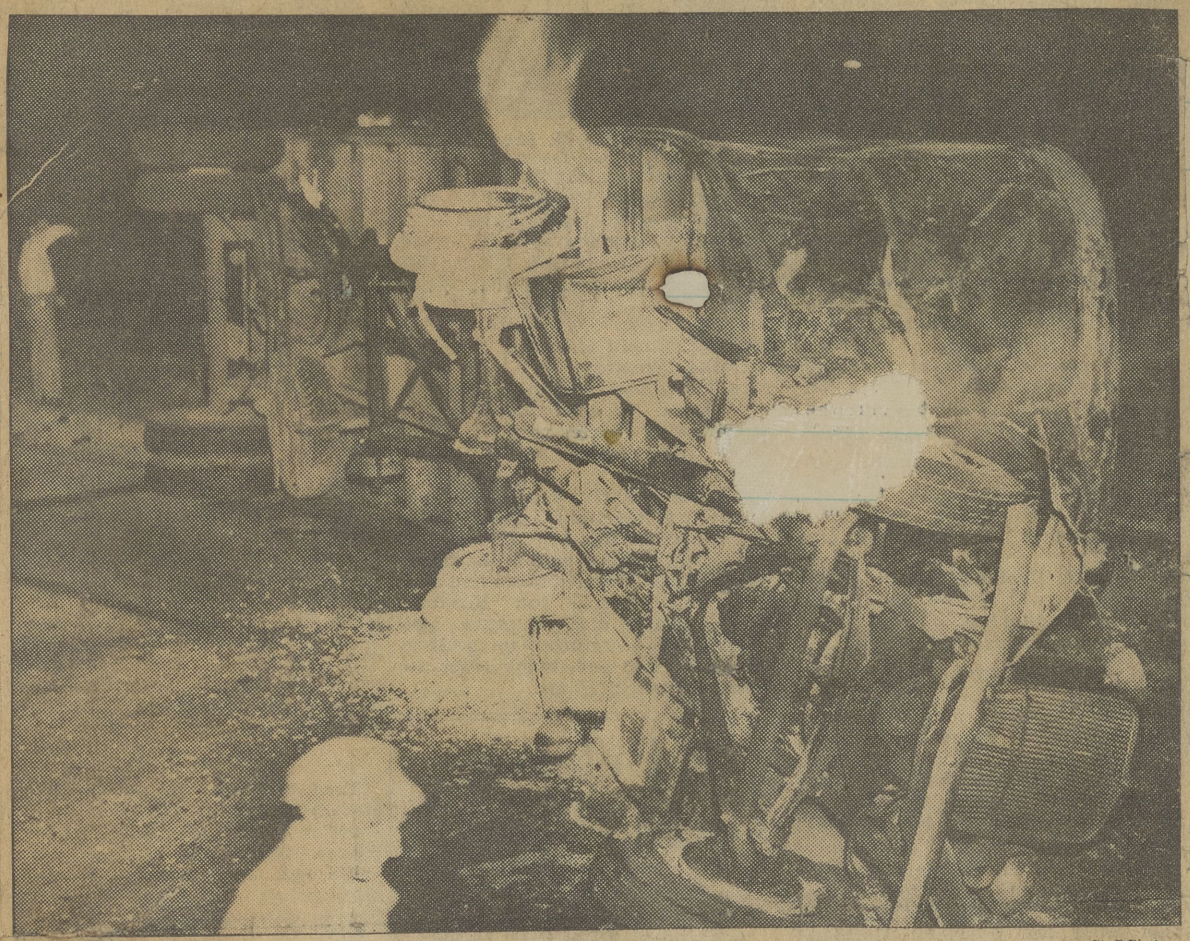
FORT WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 24.—(I.N.S.)—Tentatively identified as O. W. Brown of Dayton, O., a man was burned to death and Harold Stoner, 34, of Valparaiso was burned when a truck carrying cash registers sideswiped a coal truck near here today.

Driver Killed as Trucks Collide

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 24.—(AP)—O. W. Brown, 33, of Dayton, O., truck driver, was burned to death and his assistant, Harold Stoner, 38, of Valparaiso, Ind., suffered dangerous burns in a truck collision sixteen miles east of here today. Stone was taken to a hospital at Van Wert, O. The truck caught fire after colliding with a coal truck.

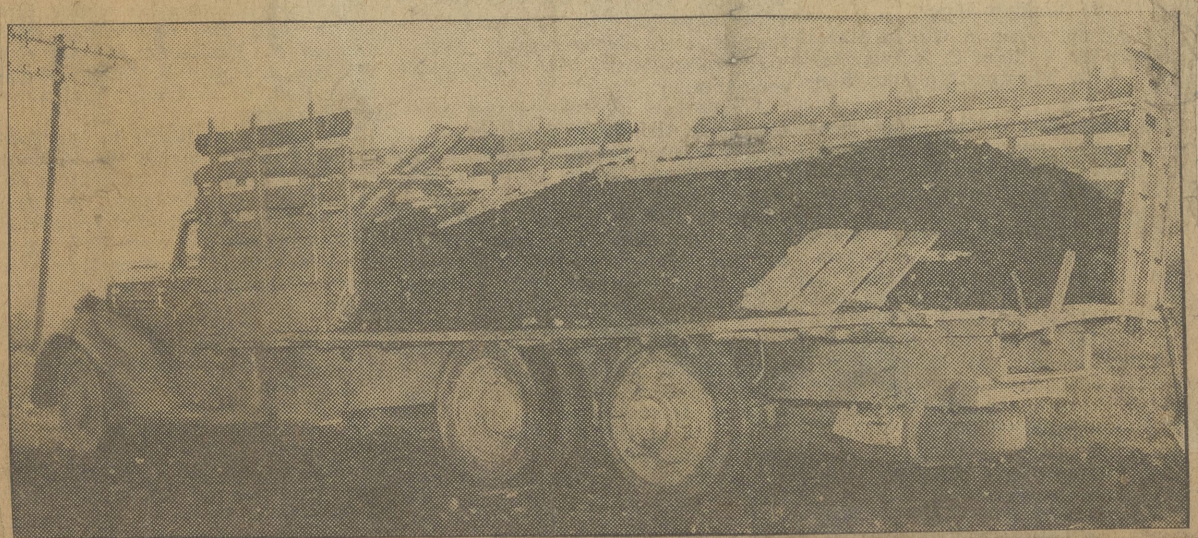
Picture on next page.

Driver Cremated In Blazing Truck After Crash



Staff Photo.

Wreckage of Trans-American transport truck in which O. W. Brown, 33, Dayton, O., was burned to death and relief driver, Harold Stoner, 38, Valparaiso, seriously burned.



Damaged coal truck with which Trans-American transport was in sideswipe collision.

One man, O. W. Brown, 33, Dayton, O., driver of a Trans-American Freight Company semi-trailer truck, was cremated in the cab of the transport and his relief driver, Harold Stoner, 38, Valparaiso, badly burned when the van sideswiped another truck it was attempting to pass on Road No. 30 west of Zulu at 3 a.m. today. The truck turned over. The second truck, owned by Victor Zumbrum, Churubusco, is leased to the Peabody Company, North Manchester, and was operated by Elmer R. Gordon, 28, Churubusco. It was damaged in the crash, but Gordon was not hurt. Stone's condition was said to be serious at the Van Wert Hospital where he was taken.

The Lone Wolf

I belong to the fleet of truck drivers great
And you know just what that means.
I know all the cities from coast to coast,
From the lakes to New Orleans.
I like the open spaces
With the roads like a broad white lane
When I take a curve I make two wheels serve
For "Speed" is my middle name.

Like the sun I go from East to West,
Like the wind I travel round.
I live at my ease and do as I please
And I'll never settle down.
For who wants a wife to burden their life
And cabbage all their dough?
Or to walk the floor in the middle of night
When it's forty degrees below.

No collicky kid draped over my arm
While the wife is snug in bed.
That's why I carry a lucky charm
In the cab up over my head.
I'll take a kiss from the girlies all
But each little Miss I tell,
She has no more chance than last year's pants
Or a snowflake down in hell.

Can't tie me down to four square walls
For that's what marriage would mean.
I've a double geared shift and an itchy foot
When the red light turns to green.
And when I'm home at the end of the run
For home is where "Mother" lives,
There's a welcome there that can only compare
With the one that an angel gives.

Then Ho! a truck driver's life for me!
With a squeal of brakes and a shift of gears,
I'll set a record for all to see
A Lone Wolf for the rest of my years.

—Dedicated to W. B. (Speedy) Eades (Midwest Haulers)
—Written by Kay Clubb, St. Louis, Mo.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS

FUTURE PROSPECTS

A Truck Driver's Troubles

Down the old highway, twisting and turning,
Tires a-humming and then there's a warning—
Road Under Construction — Men Are Working,
So I come to a stop, jumping and jerking.

That guy with the red flag, boy, what a pill,
Just when I'm making a run for a hill,
It always happens, ask anyone;
Someday I'll keep going — then watch the fun!

Speed Limit—10 Miles, At Your Own Risk.
Who on earth could do ten over this?
But in a few minutes I'm again on my way,
Trying to reach Jersey before the next day.

What in the world made these mountains so tall?
Gotta gear down, using underdrive and all;
Then what should go wrong 'fore I get to the top,
Nothing else to torment me—but a vapor-lock.

After a while I'm listening with pride
At the sound of the motor turning over inside.
Then what do I hear, but a spit and a sputter,
And I know I've a spark-plug that's good for the gutter.

Finally I start downward and I'm not long in learning
That nothing else but my brakes are burning.
So I block my wheels when I pull off the road,
And wish I hadn't taken such a damn heavy load.

So I travel along feeling tired and worn,
Giving all my buddies a honk on my horn;
Forever nearing my journey's end,
Only to wonder when I start out again.

(By Mrs. Horace E. McClure, wife of McClure of Kramer Brothers Freight Lines, Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa.)

FOUR CUT-UPS

It took Hogan's Service Station, 15th and State Streets in Chicago, to capture a snapshot of the renowned Chuck Johnson and Pittsburgh Blackie with Michigan's famous Apple Knocker (left to right). Decorating the left background is Benny of the Wilhem's Transfer Co. The first named trio are all Interstate men.

THE TRUCKERS NEWS

THE TRUCKER

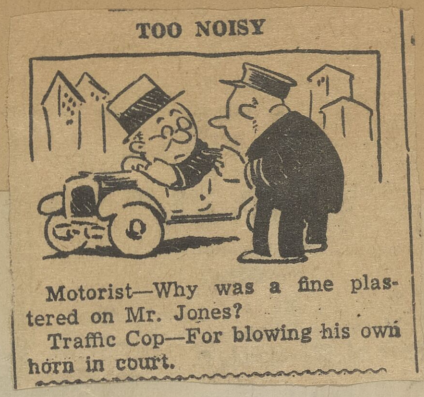
There's the president up in the boss's chair,
There's the roustabout with oil in his hair,
There's the driver who sits and drives all day,
And there's the repairman, too.
Without each one in his separate place,
What would the company do?

There's the district superintendent, and the warehouse man,
The night-watch and the pay-off man,
There's the man who has to keep the books,
And there's the gauger, too.
From first to last, each has a part,
In seeing the company through.

Now, the boss's place is by no means small,
And without a driver, there'd be no freight hauled at all.
The small main spring within the watch is seldom seen at all
Without a main spring the handsomest watch, is just a shiny ball.

Our world is full of people,
Of men both great and small,
Without the very little man,
None would be great at all.

—Roy Ruehart,
608 S. Main St., Kendallville, Ind.



B U L L E T I N

Chicago, Ill.,
May 15, 1939.

TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

It has come to our attention that many of our employees, both city and highway drivers, are frequenting a so-called restaurant across from our terminal, namely - the Tail Gate, and that there is considerable gambling and drinking going on by the drivers bringing bottles of liquor into this restaurant.

Effective immediately, all employees are warned to stay away from this hangout and, if found there, will be subject to immediate dismissal.

This notice exempts no one.

Very truly yours,

W. J. Eden.

Division Manager

WJE:EB

THE HASH SLINGER

By A Trucker

Hustling with eggs and bacon,
Rushing with stews and meats,
Drawing up red hot java,
Serving a stack of wheats.
Clattering plates and saucers,
Stacking bread like sin,
The hasher is always busy,
When the trucking boys come in.

Hurrying up at daylight
Bustling around at noon,
Rushing like mad at sunset,
And under the midnight moon.
Always in a hurry,
Whether by night or day,
The hasher is always busy,
When the trucker comes his way.

Shouting out his orders,
Sandwiches, chili, pies,
Looking, watching, working
With hands and ears and eyes
Spaghetti and roasts and chicken,
Oysters, stewed and fried,
The hasher is always busy
When the trucker comes inside.

Doing his job completely,
Quietly, quickly, too,
It seems to the hasher that his work
Is never, never through.
Shouting orders at daylight
Noon and the sunset's glow
The hasher is always busy
When the truckers spend their dough.

Serving the public neatly,
Treating the patrons right,
Hustling food for hungry folks
Morning and noon and night.
Hail to the old hash slinger,
Praise he deserves to win
For his honest untiring service
When the trucking boys come in.

TRUCKERS

Please take this little tribute
To a gang of men I know
As up and down the highways
They travel to and fro.

Dressed in dirty overalls,
Streaked with grime and grease,
But faces underneath it all
With sunny smiles and creased.

They wheel the mighty trailer, jobs
In wind or snow or hail,
They never falter then or now
Their jobs they never fail

In winter, spring or summer
Or in the golden fall,
These uncrowned kings of every road,
Wheel onward through it all.

Sometimes a load of groceries
Again it's whiskey straight,
Whate'er it is, you need not fear
The Cargo won't be late.

The driver hits the starter,
And gives his gas the gun,
Then rolls her out upon the road,
To start his midnight run.

Number one driver at the wheel,
While his partner gently nods,
The fate of these two boys are held
In the lap of the highway gods.

Should we ever go to war
With the might that's hurled from tanks,
Then the boys to drive them over,
Are these hell-diving Yanks.

—Dale Baxter

More than half of the live stock handled by the Union Stock Yards Chicago arrives by truck, officials of the U. S. Y. announced recently.

THE LONELY TRUCKER

Nights 'neath the moon rolling along,
The old motor humming, crooning a song,
I think of the drivers I've chanced to meet,
Boys from Decatur, and Old Silver Fleet.
And I think of the someone each tells about,
And I think how lonely I get on the route.

Now there was a gal as pure as the dew,
As sweet as the rose, her eyes a sky blue.
She waited and watched while I fought with "Ole Bess"
And tried to get in ahead of the rest.
Then back to the dock and hurry on down
To find there my darling, to see her sweet frown.

She'd whisper "I love you, oh darling take care,
I worry so much about your welfare."
And when ice and snow made the going real tough,
And the north wind is howling, and the pavement is rough,
I dream of those days of the long, long ago,
I see my poor darling in the ice and the snow.

They'll never know that she's gone away,
And left me to go my own weary way.
That she is in heaven; where else could she be?
As good and as sweet or as pure as she.
I envy you boys who hurry along,
A smile on your lips, in your heart a song.

But take care of her lad, she's priceless as gold,
You never can say you've never been told.
You'll miss her, be lonesome, once she's away,
You'll long for her at night and miss her each day,
As I do my friend, as I sit here alone,
And dream of the day when I'll go to that "Home."

—From The Dutch Kitchen, by Smitty (Wildcat).

THE IDEAL TRUCKER

We've seen truck drivers come and go
And watched them one by one.
We've learned to like them and to know
Their merits so here's what we've done;
We've tried to pick an ideal man
One we know we'd miss;
So picture him if you can
A guy who'd look like this.
He'd have Nathan Stowell's beautiful hair,
Jimmy Jameson's sweetest smile,
Hi-Speed's devil-may-care-air,
And Ray Frazier's teeth for style.

Add to this Art Doney's eyes,
The nose of William Blunt,
And just to be a little wise
A touch of tenderness we'd want.
For this what more could we desire
Than Kelton's ways so sweet?
And for personality that doesn't tire,
T. Frazier's can't be beat;
Oscar Chambers is a darned good sport
For friendliness Frank Rivers fills the bill.
Johnny Blackburn we now need your support
For your generosity and good will.

A sense of humor is much in need
As you can very well see,
Jr. Dingus has this, yes indeed!
Just what we'd want it to be.
Gifford's poise, Art Terrell's ears,
And Art's nice looking hands;
And Shorty McCandlish to quiet your fears
With muscles like rubber bands.
And now girls to complete our dream
Of the magnificent brute we seek,
What more could we ask of the Gods supreme
Than Paul Lee's splendid physique?

(Dedicated to the Roadway drivers by Maxine and Thelma of The Dutch Kitchen, St. Louis, Mo.)

END OF A TRUCK DRIVER'S DREAM

I'm not a bad fellow, in general,
I drink now and then, it is true,
For wine seems to settle my longings,
Whenever I'm lonely and blue.
Pat's the name, if anyone asks you,
And truck drivin' happens my trade,
And a story I've got if you'll listen,
About the blunder I've made.

'Twas a few years ago, seems like ages,
And, yes, there's a woman concerned,
But not the kind that you're thinkin'
There's good ones and bad ones, I've learned.
A dark little girl, anda cute one,
And as sweet as my own mother's name.
She was all you could ask of a woman
And I know that she never knew shame.

I was a proud Irishman those days, mister,
And I guess my ideas are queer,
But I wanted to make lots of money,
And marry my little French dear.
I bought her a rini for engagement
But times were so hard and so black,
I left for a far distant city,
And said that some day I'd be back.

Well, time passed, and sometimes I prospered,
And sometimes finances were low,
But seemed that I never got started
For that dear little French girl at home.
I got jobs and lost jobs reperated
And months slipped away into years;
And sometimes I wondered at evenin'
If maybe my darling knew tears.

Well, I went back, not richer, but wiser,
Forgetting the years that had fled;
And I found, and my poor heart was broken,
That my dear little French girl had wed.
I just couldn't seem to believe it,
So I called her up on the phone,
And her voice was spilling with laughter,
She invited me out to her home.

That friendly voice it hurt me,
And I thought, "I know what it means,
She's forgotten those long years of waiting,
It's the end of a truck driver's dream."
Yep, that's the way that it is, boys,
And why I am always alone,
There'll never be another woman,
Like that little French darling back home.

Dedicated to
Truck Drivers from Coast to Coast

Eighty-nine million pounds of butter and two and one-half million cases of eggs went into Chicaog markets by truck in one year.

In the field of fuels, more than one thousand Illinois coal mines were found to be trucking upwards of eight million tons of fuel from the ground to the consumer in a single year.

The Elkhart Truth

THE HOME NEWSPAPER FOR ELKHART COUNTY

E ASSOCIATED PRESS — ELKHART, INDIANA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1938. — UNITED

DRIVER DOZES, TRUCK CRASHES AND IS BURNED

Loss of $10,000 or More Occurs Early Today, in Catastrophe Near Here on Highway No. 20.

VICTIM IS IN HOSPITAL

Edward Hayes, 32, of Toledo, O., was in a serious condition in the Elkhart General hospital today from burns suffered at 6 a. m. when his tractor-trailer was wrecked and burned on road No. 20, three and a half miles east of Elkhart.

East-bound, the truck crashed against the north side steel railing of the bridge over Pine creek, spun cross-wise of the road at the east end of the bridge, and burst into flames.

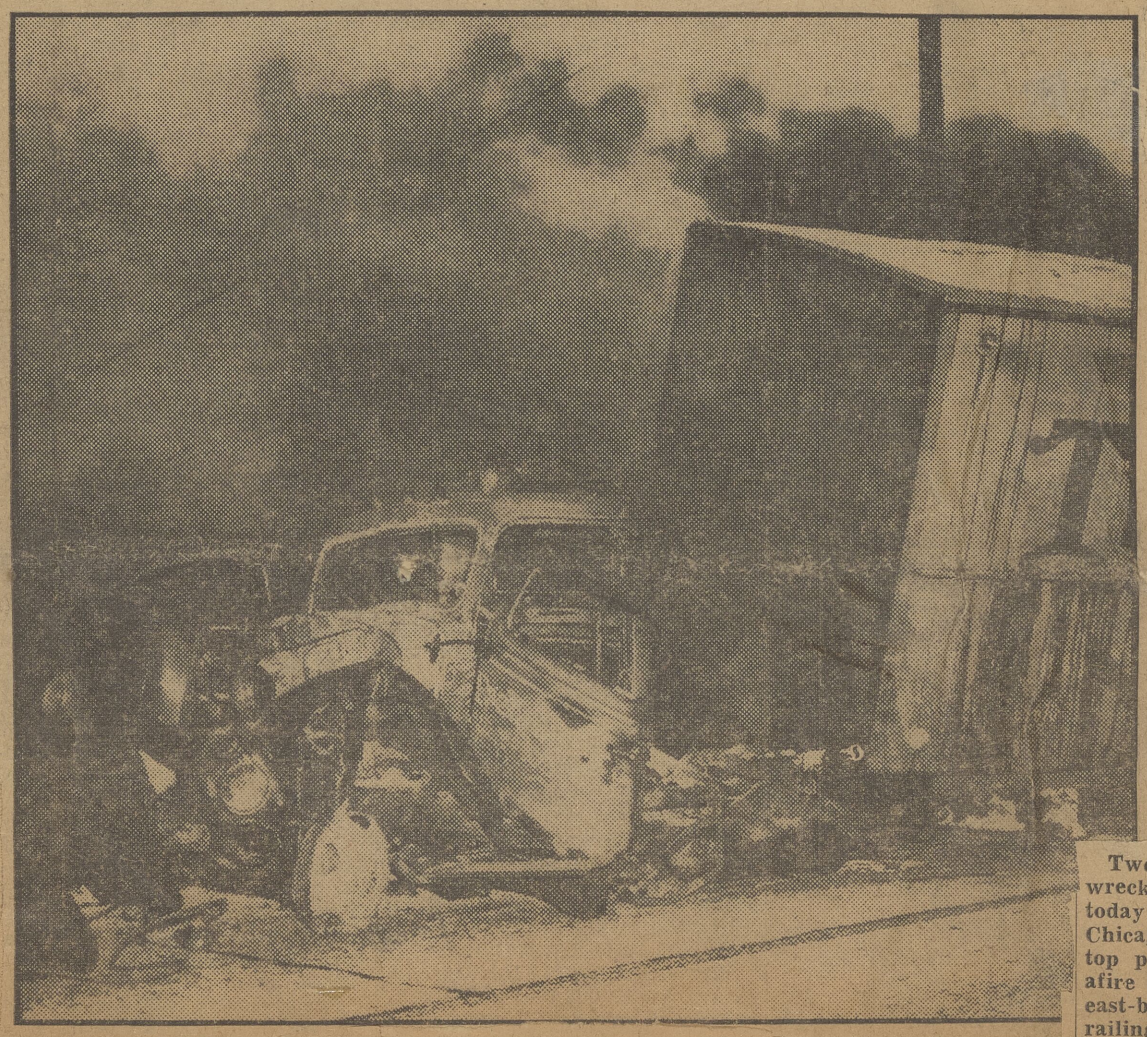
Tells of Rescue

Thrown from the cab of the truck, his clothes afire, Hayes was saved from burning to death on the spot by Vernon Stuart, —, living about a block east of the bridge, who was awakened by the crash, and, who, still in his night attire, rushed to the point of the accident. Stuart is a mechanic at the Vernon Ball garage.

"I met the truck driver as he was running eastward from the truck," Stuart said. "He was a ball of fire. I threw him on the ground at the edge of the highway, and rolled him in the dirt, extinguishing the burning fragments of his clothing. His trousers were burned off, but above the waist a portion of his underwear and shirt still protected his body.

He was conscious and I took him to my home, and from there he was taken to the hospital in the A. G. Zelle ambulance. We had to carry him to the ambulance at the west end of the bridge on a stretcher, as the ambulance could not pass the burning truck to reach my house east of the bridge."

Truck and Cargo Lost in Fire Following Highway Crash



Two Truth photos of truck wreck and fire near here early today in which Edward Hayes of Chicago was severely burned. The top picture shows the wreckage afire in the highway. The truck, east-bound, first struck the bridge railing on the left side of the picture. The lower photo is a close-up of the burning wreckage.

The TAILGATE LUNCH

2122 So. May St., Chicago, Illinois

The House by the Side of the Road

Let me live in a house
by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good,
and the men who are bad;
As good and as bad as I;
I would not sit
in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house
by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

★ HOLIDAY ★
GREETINGS

To You and Your House by the Side of the Road.

The service you render the traveling public and the Cross-Country Drivers is indispensable to the Motor Freight Industry. We are proud to count you a Friend of

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

Harry Phillipson

The Original National Publication for Cross-Country Drivers

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NO. 882 LITHO. IN U.S.A. Gco.

TAIL GATE ANNIE TURNS REPORTER OF SPORT EVENTS

Covers Transamerican Dock Hands Base Ball Game —And How

Inbound Freight vs. Outbound Freight

The lineup of the "Inbound Freight" looked great. As our captain was Red O'Connelly, I will try and give you a glimpse of him and will give below an account of them in action.

Captain Red O'Connelly stood on the pitcher's mound with the build of a gorilla. His fiery hair was standing on end and as he put a ball over the slab, his mouth stood open like the door of a trailer open for a load of freight. His pants legs were rolled up and he wore white socks (they were once white) dust foging made it hard to see what was going on at times. His stooges were for Red, their heart was set to win a game for their old pal.

Herb Hemmingsmith, catcher, is a little fellow, but what a catcher —Caught a ball alongside his head, and said if his eye turned black compensation would take care of that.

Gus Irons on first base wasn't bad; just found it hard to take orders. Red set Gus straight and made it clear they were not on the dock, "now you take orders or get out." Gus took it.

Bill Donahue on second base, put them out and kept down the score. He played like a veteran; good work, Bill!

Ed Marshkie, third base, had on a green shirt and with that name you boys know he is not Irish.

Art Marshkie, brother of Ed, was left fielder, and stood in good. He did his bit for Red.

Don Plagge, center fielder, was going good all day, and part of the night.

Hammer Willimans, right fielder, played a good game considering the sleep he had.

Charley Greggor, short stop, had somee difficulty; he was always falling over the other players.

The lineup of the "Outbound Freight," better known as the "Dog Shift Gang" is as follows: Jimmy Mulqueeny was their reason for the fight. He had the Beer on ice and had promised a good time for all. When the game was scheduled to start he had to hold it up, for the pitcher had not shown up. He finely started with the following lineup:

Frank Gucca was on the pitcher's mound with a post and a firm hand.

Catcher W. Anderson had lots of what it took to stop the fast balls Frank put over the home plate.

Pop Balley, first base, Hannifin third base.

I forgot to mention, due to part of Jimmie's gang not showing, two boys, better known as "the twins, had to play but refused to be parted.

Joe Ehalzer on second base was sure on the job for Jim. Matty was right fielder, and Jim Mulqueeny was in center field. He caught the flies for the boys; I mean the ball not the horse flies, you dopes!

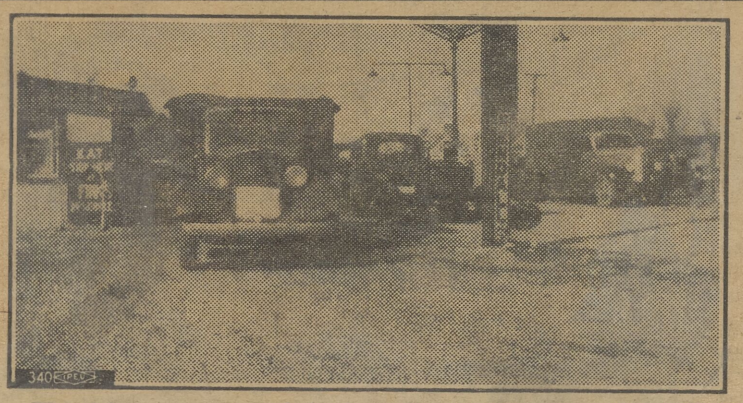
John Unuk, left field, had to run them down and did his best.

The game went well and the score was 12 to 11 in favor of the "Outbound." It took two umpires, Guy Routzon and a boy I did not learn his name, but we found out later he had a good beer barrel base voice.

Otto did his part of rooting and had a better time than anyone. The boys had a lot of fans—Mrs. C. Anderson, Mrs. Guy Routzon and daughters, Mrs. Balley and two sons, Mrs. Herb Hemmingsmith, Porky McNerry, road driver, King, better known as "Detroit Flash," Snow Shoes Barnes of Angola, Bon Bon Foster, of Detroit. Charley G. Allen of the Chicago garage joined the party at the corner of May and 21st streets. Steane served beer and sandwiches. Red did a dance for the boys and a good time was had by all!

P.S.: Frank Tucker has a new truck to give the boys road service, but he has weakened, for he has let some of the boys drive it. Oh well, even a truck gets old too.

A BUSY DAY AT FINK'S



The drives were crowded when the photographer visited Fink's Service Station at Junction of 15 and U. S. 12, 4 miles north Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

A TRUCK DRIVER'S DREAM

By LAURA FREEMAN
(A Driver's Wife)

I saw a highway that lay smooth and straight,
No crashes occured there, no sad truck driver's fate,
No dangerous curves or hills full of ice,
No worries of peril, a rogue's paradise.

No crosses to mark where a trucker went west
To make a tear leave your eye, and you say "May he rest,"
No signs that keep warning of dangers ahead,
Don't doze, Mr. Driver, or you'll find yourself dead."

No motor trouble to worry about,
A truck and an engine that never give out,
No danger that one of your tires might blow
When you passed up a sign that shouted "Go slow."

The highway's so wide, no two outfits could hit,
No narrow escapes that make you throw a fit!
"Where is this highway?" it's perfect! You deem—
But it's only a joke, folks, a truck driver's dream.

Hazel set five heads of hair and shaved a number of truck drivers. Such is the service at Judy's.

Clyde Kneib (Johnson Oil) was in today on his way to Cleveland,

Chicago Pick-Ups Via Transamerican

There is nothing cheap about Foreman. He pays $1.75 for coffee and toast.

Kinda looks like Herman of the Tailgate fell off the wagon. He fell in it.

They say Finkbinder is quite a fiddle player. He also croons, according to Leipold.

We hear that Eddie Hayes and another Columbus driver are going into business in Van Worth.

"Baggy Pants" Fowler is the chief bailer-outer on the Angola division.

Wonder who Pretty Boy Barant, of the Angola run, has a business to himself.

Harry Glant from the dock was married July 6th. The bride looked sweet and a good time was had by all.

The blessed event happened for Scotty Benny and wife, city driver—a baby girl.

Ryan, of Milwaukee, Wis., has grown up and finally found out if he wanted advancement he had to come to Chicago to get it. Go to it, Ryan, many a man started at the bottom. But when you dream of a semi that has front doors as well as back ones then you will have something.

The little Tailgate has gone to the old country, Flat River, Mo.

Eddie Hays says he will marry the girl from Van Wert, Ohio, if she will get a good job. Eddie has grown tired of trucking.

Violet, of Transamerican, and wife are expecting a blessed event.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Detroit run, are fixing up their nursery hoping to have it finished by September.

"Head Wind" Brand, on the Indianapolis, has been a good boy for some time. How long will it last?

Minnie is taking up waitress work as a career at the Tailgate.

Eddie Hayes, on the Angola run, and "Pretty Boy" Barron are feuding over whose waitress works for whom.

George Nelson of Inter-State was in to visit Minnie, and Lillian and Lafayette were along for the ride.

"BUSINESS RECESSION

Off the road is just a phrase
As meaningless as can be,
To one who knows not what
A truck driver lives to be

Off the road means nil to him,
Who stays at home eternally,
And sits in houses, day by day,
While trucks roll by majestically

Off the road means much to him,
Who used to drive and drive,
Alas, he sits at home sweet home,
And dreams of happy days gone by.

Off the road means just this
To him who leads a roaming life
That now he must reside at home,
And take good care of kids and wife.

Off the road, is just too bad.
For us who travel far,
'Cause now we have to make demands
To get relief from F. D. R.

—Ralph Meade,
109 Middle St.,
Columbiana, Ohio

MERRY CHRISTMAS

MADE IN U.S.A.
53

Johnson

WITH BEST WISHE
SPECIAL JOYS IN T
COMING YEAR

"clip it, paste it"

SCRAP-BOOK